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[THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 24, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

The Ballet Season: By Arnold Haskell

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide

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The Bystander, June 24, 1936

The BYSTANDER

No. 1697. Vol. CXXX.

Cannons of Hollywood

The Marchioness of Queensberry—Cathleen Mann

There are very few women in London who lead a fuller or more intelligent life than Lady Queensberry. As Cathleen Mann she has a fine reputation as a portrait painter, with three of the most attractive portraits in this year's Academy to her credit—of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Kyra Nijinsky, and her own son. Her work as a designer is equally well known; she has created dresses and décor for Cochran, for Korda (*Things to Come*), for ballet. She is the daughter of portrait-painter Harrington Mann, the wife of the tenth Lord Queensberry, and the mother of his six-year-old son and heir, Lord Drumlanrig, and ten-year-old younger daughter. In London she lives in Cheyne Walk, but has taken a house at Walton Heath for the summer

Summer Ballet

By Arnold L. Haskell

ONLY a short time ago a season of ballet came like an oasis in a desert, and the balletomane often found it necessary to travel far afield. To-day such an effort is superfluous. Season follows upon season, the Sylphides disport themselves almost nightly in their grove, and we have at Sadler's Wells a national company that for artistic integrity can compare with any importation. The more ballet there is the more heated discussion can there be—last season there was a choice of seven different versions of *Les Sylphides*—and a vast public is growing closely akin to the cricket lover in its knowledge and enthusiasm. With Tsar Diaghileff alone no rivalry was possible, and all the talent available was assembled on the same pay-roll.

COMPARISON is not always easy or even possible, and this is the case where René Blum's Ballet, now a month at the Alhambra, and Colonel de Basil's, which has just opened at Covent Garden, are concerned. (Let us omit all mention of Monte Carlo—a source of much confusion and still more irritation—save to bless en passant the Principality that, since 1911, has cradled so much fine ballet.) The age of a company depends not on the total experience of its collaborators, but on the time they have worked together—I was about to forget myself and to add "in harmony" Any direct comparison, therefore, even of those works mutual to both, would be equally unfair to M. Blum's healthy and charming child and to Colonel de Basil's gracious, sophisticated, and much-travelled maiden.

THE strength of the young company lies in its ensembles. It has the most spirited and yet the best disciplined corps de ballet seen for many years. A sign of extreme youth—and this is no paradox. The young dancers have only just left their schools, their mothers and friends have not yet persuaded them that they are unappreciated and misunderstood, and they are perfectly content to express themselves in a crowd.

AND then there is Fokine—courteous, even kindly, at rest, but a fanatic at work, with an eye for detail I have never seen equalled. "We will repeat this passage again for the benefit of Miss X. Five bars after the opening she was late on the beat. . . . Oh, can't you make some other mistake? This one is becoming monotonous!" Or, at his very worst (icily), "Pray, Mademoiselle, tell me in strict confidence, are you a singer by any chance?" No slip escapes unnoticed. Each gesture he analyses and demonstrates, even sharing with his company the reasons for his choregraphy. Before every ballet, and after, he is there in the wings, warning and admonishing. There are tears at times, but there are also results, and rapid ones. This whole Alhambra season has been Fokine, and the restatement of his classics has been like the cleaning of an old master, as detail after detail sharpened, as the pattern became more complex and the relationship between music and action closer. *Les Sylphides* has been slower and more deliberate, with stress on the rounded arm movements. In *Petrouchka* crowd and music meet once again. In *Carnaval* much subtle detail reappears. Is it to be wondered at that Fokine understands the production of his own works? Yet in certain cases the weathering of time seems to me to have brought about improvements.

IN spite of many first-class dancers the interpretation of leading rôles has not been exceptional. Nemchinova is her fine classical self; Kirsova lighter than ever; Ruanova has a remarkable technique, a personality too strong for the romantic, yet her sparkling Columbine is memorable; Leslie promises for her grace and charm; Semenova for her vitality. Vilzak, most experienced of dancers, and Eglevsky, a comparative tyro, alone added to their stature through dancing and artistry of a high order. It is many years since Vilzak's Harlequin has been equalled. Woizikovsky, that rhythmic volcano, appeared late in the season and danced his familiar rôles with his usual mastery. The one important novelty, Fokine's *L'Epreuve d'Amour* to music by Mozart and an exceptional setting from Derain, is so simple, harmonious and truly balletic that it has come as a complete surprise to many, including one famous critic, who have completely failed to understand it and who have conveniently dismissed it as childish. This ballet, apart from its value as an entertainment, is a strong restatement of certain principles from which Fokine has never departed. It stresses his view of the relationship between narrative, music and dancing; for all its freedom from complication and direct characterisation it is subtle in its humour and masterly in construction. It is a valuable lesson both to dancers and their critics. Fokine's *Don Juan*, the clou of the season, is yet to come; from what I have seen in rehearsal it promises to be yet another convincing proof that the founder of modern ballet is still creative after over thirty years of work.

COLONEL DE BASIL opened his season at Covent Garden with tried favourites, and wisely so, for the programme was eminently suited to show the merits and the progress of a company that has specialised in its development of personality and advanced technique. The dancers should have been tired after their American travels, but they showed a spirit in their dancing that we have not seen since 1933, inspired, perhaps, by the knowledge of the dancers in Leicester Square. When the curtain rose on *Aurora's Wedding* we saw a Baronova, still as poetical as ever, but more mature and with a more brilliant attack. The greatest surprise, however, was that of Riabouchinska and Lichine in *The Blue Bird*, since both had stood still for much of last season. Riabouchinska is adding precision to her lightness, while a slimmer and altogether finer Lichine has shed much of the roughness that marred his classicism.

THE much-discussed *Choreartium* (Brahms' Fourth Symphony) is now sufficiently popular for a première. It introduced once again the "black pearl," Tamara Toumanova, magnificently svelte, and free at last from disturbing mannerisms. It was Verchinina, giving the performance of her career, who won highest honours, revealing herself as a symphonic dancer without equal. This ballet without a corps de ballet revealed a wealth of individual talent. All deserve mention. But perhaps the finest dancing of the evening came from the perfectly-schooled Alexandra Danilova, now in her prime, and from Massine himself in the can-can from the ever-popular *Boutique Fantasque*. In an age of fine dancing talent and without great technical virtuosity, he stands completely alone in the position he has occupied since, as a boy in 1914, he made his Drury Lane début in *Joseph's Legend*. *Choreartium*, *La Boutique Fantasque*, and his own dancing reveal the full extent of Massine's greatness.

FOKINE and Massine—they are giants who are making the London ballet season of 1936 one of the most memorable we have seen. The different nature of their work, the heated discussion that is certain to arise, should create a public sufficient to fill both theatres.

First Night at Covent Garden

Mlles. Philipova and Morosova, Lady Kemball-Cook, and Colonel W. de Basil were photographed at the opening of the de Basil ballet season. The Director-General broke his right arm in three places four days before the opening, but to the amazement of his doctor and everyone else continued to work as unceasingly as usual—a most heroic performance

What a Lot of People!—

Ascot—1936

—And What a Lot of Hats!

Ascot Parade: The Neater the Smarter

Left: Mrs. Mark Pilkington (Susan Henderson that was), in a flowered dress and white coat, is with Mr. John Lawson

Below, left: Lady Nunburnholme was one of Smiler's victims

Below: Lord Sefton maintaining the dignity of the grey top-hat

Lord Churston walked back from lunch with Mrs. Kenneth Wagg—another neat printed silk dress

Right: Miss Shelagh Morrison-Bell wore a coat and skirt of silk, and was Lord Fairhaven's companion

Above: a Hunt Cup day snapshot of Lord Carnarvon and Lady O'Neill

Left: the Hon. Mervyn and Mrs. Wingfield were on their way back to the Royal Enclosure after lunch

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Sanctions debate in the House of Commons reminded me irresistibly of a glorious spectacle which I once was lucky enough to see as a small boy. There was a perfect wicket at the Oval, and two very laborious, very stupid, very plain Surrey bowlers were bowling to Mr. Gilbert Jessop, and the harder the poor fellows tried, the more gaily did " the Croucher " smite them for fours and sixes. And so in the debate. Mr. Eden bowled at one end, Mr. Baldwin at the other, and Mr. Lloyd George hit them all over the field in superb style. And when the fieldsmen took a hand in the game with taunts and interruptions, " the Wizard " dealt with them just as devastatingly.

To drop the metaphor, Mr. Eden had to explain exactly why he was simultaneously running away and eating humble pie. Mr. Baldwin had to defend the most humiliating scuttle before a foreign dictator that Britain has ever performed. Indeed, I would go further, I would say it is the *only* humiliating scuttle before a foreign dictator that this country has performed since the days which followed the Battle of Hastings. Harold himself at least went down fighting. But we have gone down wobbling. In the past Mr. Lloyd George did not cringe before the Kaiser, nor Pitt before Napoleon. Marlborough was not afraid of Louis XIV. for all his armies and his glories, and Elizabeth stood up to the might of Spain. But Mr. Baldwin and his serried ranks of heroes have retired in goodish order and even better speed before the threats of a semi-bankrupt Italian.

THE Minister for War is in rare battling form these days. Hardly a morning passes without a report of a pugnacious oration from Mr. Cooper. He led off with the Dean and Chapter of Liverpool as a set of " ignorant clergymen." Then came a rasper aimed, presumably, at the Rev. " Dick " Sheppard — " the speeches of pacifists are more poisonous than poison gas." This, in turn, was followed up with another to the same address, " every speech made by some pacifist parson brings the next war a little nearer."

Mr. Cooper's high record up to date, however, was still to come. " It ought to be the duty," he cried, " of all in authority to frighten the people of this country out of their wits." Tut, tut, Mr. Cooper. Tut, tut, tut. Surely you have not made the singular mistake of beginning with yourself ?

THE news that Herr Hitler has been busy inspecting the secret re-fortifications of Heligoland, Borkum which guards the Ems, and Wangeroog, which guards Wilhelmshaven, recalls that famous pre-war book *The Riddle of the Sands.* That story of the mysterious fortifications of the Frisian Islands made a great sensation. Poor Erskine Childers. Brilliant, quixotic, chivalrous, stubborn, he fought side by side with Rory O'Connor in the Four Courts in Dublin against the Free Staters, and was shot for treason after the victory of the Staters.

ONE of the most astonishing phenomena of modern journalism has been the almost complete absence of a hullabaloo about affairs in Spain. It is an extraordinary mystery. The Right Wing press of this country has never hitherto been backward in throwing bricks at Reds, and here a heaven-sent opportunity has been handed to it on a plate. The Left Wing in Spain has been creating havoc for the last four months, yet hardly anything is printed about it. About 160 churches have been totally destroyed ; 250 have been damaged ; there have been three or four hundred strikes ; hundreds of

Six Great Ballerinas

Here's a picture for the balletomane's scrapbook—Vera Nemtchinova, Lubov Tchernichova, Hilda Sokolova, Alexandra Danilova, Alicia Markova and Tamara Toumanova make an amazing concentration of dancing genius. They were photographed at Miss Eleanor Watt's ballet party at Anton Dolin's Chelsea studio

people have been killed or wounded. This is money for jam for the boys who see the hand of Zinoviev in every breakdown on the London Tubes, and in every red carnation that is worn in the ballroom. But the boys don't seem to want the jam. It is all very odd.

MR. P. J. NOEL BAKER, who has been adopted as Labour candidate for the Derby by-election, is one of the most versatile members of his party. An expert on foreign affairs, a former Professor at London University, private secretary to "Uncle" Arthur Henderson during the Disarmament Conference, he is perhaps even better known as "Philip Baker," one of the greatest half-milers this country has ever produced and captain of the British Olympic Games team in 1920. It was he, also, who went to Norway soon after the war and persuaded Dr. Nansen to undertake the repatriation of the half-million prisoners of war who were still languishing in exile.

IT was Antony who laid "the last of many thousand kisses" upon Cleopatra's lips, and now it appears that Mr. George Bernard Shaw has laid the last of many thousand speeches upon the ears of the British public. Addressing the audience in the People's Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne, at the end of a performance of *Candida*, the veteran fighter, playwright, and wit announced, "I have retired from public speaking." An uncle of mine alleges that he was present at the historic scene when Mr. Shaw got his very first applause for a public speech. It was near the Marble Arch, many years ago, and Mr. Shaw was accustomed to repair thither and deliver fiery harangues to the populace. At least, they would have been to the populace if the populace had shown the slightest inclination to stop and listen. As it was, Mr. Shaw had to be content with an audience of gentlemen who were engaged in sleeping off, on the grass, the debauches of the preceding weeks.

For months Mr. Shaw's audience slumbered, until at last came the famous occasion which my uncle witnessed. After an especially eloquent flight of anti-capitalistic rhetoric, one of the drunks woke up, gazed blearily at the red-bearded orator, exclaimed, "'Ear, 'ear, Guv'nor," and went to sleep again. Mr. Shaw, intoxicated by the first burgeoning of the applause of the World, went straight home and wrote *Arms and the Man* or something.

G. K. CHESTERTON is dead, and the world is a duller place. There was nothing which that mammoth figure could not do with a pen. It was like a mastodon playing exquisitely on a violin. He could make it do exactly what he wanted, he could play any tune, he could thunder and whisper, charm, belabour and inspire, and, above all, he could produce laughter out of it, great gusts of roaring, English laughter. *The Flying Inn* is one of the most superb fantasies of the generation, just as Father Brown is one of the greatest detectives. Chesterton was like Cyrano de Bergerac in his gay and flamboyant versatility. The great figures of the pre-war halcyon years are passing now with deadly speed. Look at the names of those who were great men fifteen years ago—Hardy, Bridges, Moore, Bennett, Galsworthy, Wells, Yeats, Shaw, Kipling, Conrad, Housman, Chesterton, Gosse, Belloc. What an array of genius! Only Wells, Yeats, Shaw and Belloc survive.

THE lawn tennis champions of the world are clustered round the Centre Court, and a polyglot crowd they are. Hardly a country, except the U.S.S.R., seems to be unrepresented. Perry, of course, is favourite for the Championship, but von Cramm runs him pretty close, especially after his victory in Paris. For the ladies, Miss Helen Jacobs is always more dangerous in the Singles contest than she is in the Wightman Cup, and on past form ought to win. Miss Stammers seems to be a bit unreliable. (By the way, what a brilliant poster the *Star* produced after her victory over Miss Jacobs the other week—simply the words "Oh! Kay.") I fancy that Miss Round will be the most serious rival of Miss Jacobs, and that the most popular newcomer will be Mr. "Bitsy" Grant, the five-foot "Atlanta Atom."

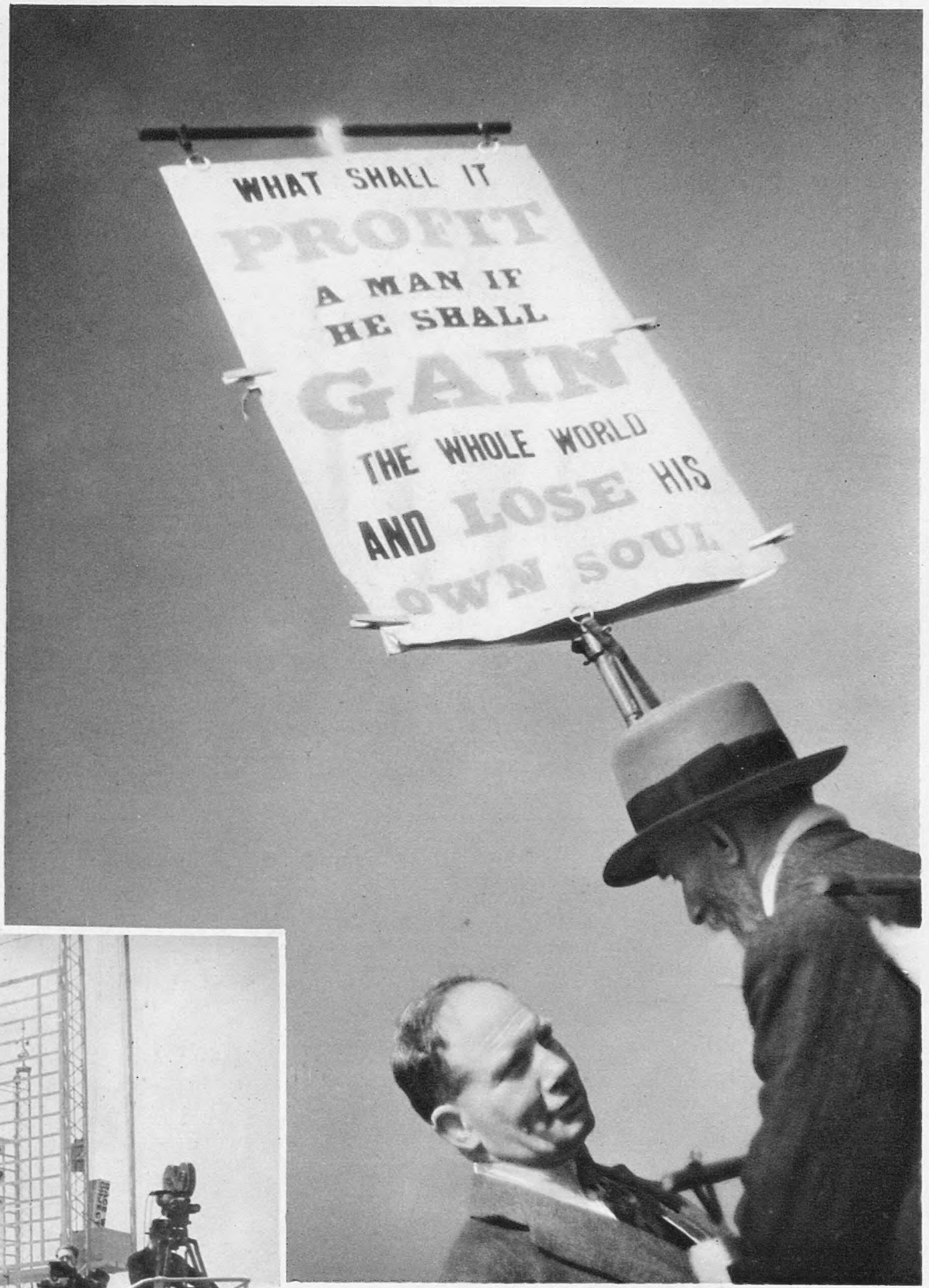
THE United States has been for generations the Paradise of the confidence-trick man (as in the stories of O. Henry and *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*), but I doubt if there has ever been such an opportunity—even in that land of graft—for wholesale swindling as there has been this week. For the Veterans' Bonus has been paid at last, after seventeen years of wrangling, and three million men have received windfalls of an average of £140. Racketeers, gangsters, confidence-men, sharepushers, instalment-collectors, bailiffs, and landlords are swooping down upon these belated "war profiteers."

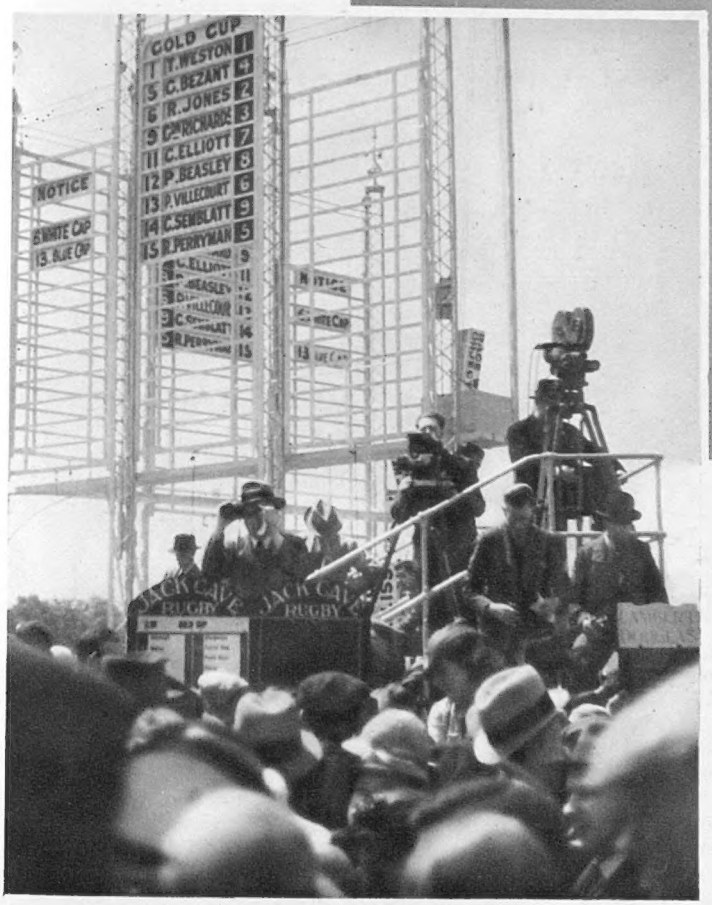
DURING the last few months those who seize every possible opportunity to heave a half-brick at sweet old Auntie *Times* have not hesitated to accuse the dear old lady of shilly-shallying a good bit over foreign affairs, and have even gone so far as to suggest that she has more than once deposited her venerable person upon a fence. Whether or not they are right in these suggestions is no business of mine. But it is only just to point out that this week she has come out startlingly into the open. On the "leader page," the sacred sanctum of mid-Victorian stateliness, she published a poem by Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.P., and this poem contained a description of the Italians as Wops. Hooray for Auntie! There 's dash for you! There 's fire! There 's courage!

LAST week I commented upon the selection, to play in the Test Trial cricket match at Lord's, of Warburton from the Lancashire League, and expressed the hope that he might emulate those two famous Leaguers, Barnes and Parkin. Warburton took a "duck," and bowled a lot of very commonplace stuff. So that 's that.

A New Rosalind

Nova Pilbeam played Rosalind in the O.U.D.S. "As You Like It," and Michael Denison was her "gallant and well-spoken" Orlando. This was Miss Pilbeam's Shakespearean debut; she was Peter Pan last Christmas, and Lady Jane Grey in "Tudor Rose," the historical film which had such a success a month or so back





Ascot—1936

Two Camera Comments
Made by John Everard

Ascot Again — From the Lunch-Time Side of the Course

Lady Anne Hunloke and her husband had a party at the Ascot house they have taken for the summer

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gwyn Morgan-Jones live at Windsor and had a party there; she is the late Lord Buckland's daughter, and he is in the Life Guards

Lady Patricia Douglas is the attractive debutante daughter of Lord Queensberry and Lady Dunn

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

A Popular Trail

POLO is a big topic of conversation just now, and members of the English and American teams are the heroes of the hour; the one thing we all want to do on a fine afternoon is trail out to Hurlingham or Roehampton.

London is packed with charming visiting Americans. We wonder how hotels like "the Claridge," where so many of them congregate, have room for them all.

The other night at the Four Hundred we ran into that popular young couple, the John McConnells; they are Canadian and hail from Montreal.

A Cure on a Honeymoon

ON Sunday night we noted Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutton (the father and stepmother of Countess Barbara) dining with Frank Rediker and Mr. and Mrs. Greves, who flew to Carlsbad the following day, where they are spending part of their honeymoon in taking the cure. She was the beautiful Mrs. Kayser until six weeks ago. Both she and Mrs. Hutton wore hip-length capes of very white-haired silver fox that evening. About twenty skins between them, and of an indescribable smartness.

At the Dorchester, Mr. and Mrs. Fairhurst are entertaining and being entertained. He is English, she is Russian, and immensely attractive. They live in Paris when not travelling.

Forgivable Snobbery

AN American couple who have entrenched themselves firmly in the hearts of Mayfair are the Bill Hamiltons. He pops "back and forth," as they say, to New York at too-frequent intervals. His film interests, whatever they are, allow them to give divine parties, beginning in their flat with cocktails and sandwiches, and continuing at pre-views of unreleased films in a small private theatre in Soho. It is forgivable snobbery to enjoy seeing a film before it is shown and reading a book (when you know the author) before it is published.

Shortage of Odd Women

"DON'T forget you're dining with us to-night," said young Lady X to a very unattached woman at a cocktail-party the other evening.

A startled look came over the very unattached woman's face. "But I'm dining with So-and-so," she said, bewildered. "I thought I'd catch you that way," said Lady X. "I must find an odd woman for to-night."

An "odd" or unattached woman need never stay at home in Mayfair. They are as much in demand to make up a four as any young man.

All that is required is a semblance of good manners, to be easy to talk to and listen to, a moderately good dancer. If she plays bridge her free evenings are even fewer and further apart.

A Star Guest

A VERY pretty girl (what a pretty girl!) emerged from a back room at Claridge's while we were battling for a table for luncheon the other day.

It was Miss Joan Bennett, followed by a galaxy of camera-men, publicity women, and possibly a Lord or two waiting to hit any inebriated hangover who might be hanging around. The next day Miss Bennett was the star guest at a cocktail-party given by Miss Sonia Converse at her cottage in Knightsbridge.

Sonia Converse is one of the most hospitable people in London, and almost every week when she is not abroad you will find a crowd of her intimate friends swarming into her quaint, old-fashioned little house in Park Row.

What Do We Use?

ON one of the wettest of recent wet days we saw the Maharaja and Maharanee of Baroda lunching at Prunier's with a party of distinguished Indians.

Looking out of the windows at the leaden English sky and persistent drizzle, we felt they were wondering what we poor Londoners "use for sun"!

Ascot on Tuesday was enjoyable; Wednesday was better, and Thursday—well, we hope to pop in a last-minute paragraph about that later.

This enthusiasm refers more to the weather than the horses, which refused to come in in the right order.

Blame the Weather

A MAN drinking iced coffee on the lawn at Buck's said that it was a badly-dressed Ascot. If he was right, we must blame the weather for bursting into a blaze of glory only a few hours before

Viscount Elmley and Fru Dornonville de la Cour

Lord Elmley, M.P., Earl and Countess Beauchamp's eldest son, and Fru Dornonville de la Cour, widow of Direktor Dornonville de la Cour, of Copenhagen, were married last week at St. Clement Danes, Strand

Engaged Couple

Earl Beatty (Lord Borodale until the death of his famous father this spring) and Mrs. Dorothy Power Sands announced their engagement just before Ascot, and went racing together there every day. Mrs. Sands is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Power of Virginia, U.S.A.

the gala of all race meetings began and giving us no encouragement to let ourselves go in the shopping weeks that preceded it.

In the Holy of Holies

THE dowdiness and unsuitableness of trailing skirts, bonnets, and general fancy-dress is emphasised by, with a very few exceptions, their total absence from the Royal Enclosure. In that holy of holies you see silk coats and skirts, and neat, inconspicuous, albeit obviously expensive dresses.

Bucks and the Cavalry seemed the most popular luncheon places. At the former we saw Lady Smiley sitting on the lawn, an organdie butterfly in her boat-shaped hat; Major and Mrs. "Stewey" Foster, drinking long soft drinks; Lady Stavordale all in white; Mr. Robin Wilson, and swarms of people you like to hear about.

Suitable for the Country

WE decided that the best-dressed women wore clothes that you could wear in the country in the morning. Lady Milbanke, Mrs. Thursby, and Mrs. Euan Wallace were three who confirmed us in this belief.

Young Mrs. Henry Garnet, a bride of a few weeks, was one of the most attractive people we saw in a long day. She wore a loose white piqué jacket over a black dress, and a little white piqué cap. Lady Plunket looked divine in a dark-blue printed dress, with a red hat and gloves.

Rumours of Parties

HOUSE-PARTIES around Ascot, Sunningdale, and Windsor abounded, and we heard of the Gwyn Morgan-Jones' dance on Tuesday night, Mr. Homer-Smiths' cocktail-party on Wednesday, and rumours (in advance) of a super-party to be given on Thursday night by a Roumanian millionaire who has taken Lord Lonsdale's house for the week; and of another on Friday by Mrs. Hunter, who is American.

Much too Popular

LADY ANNE HUNLOKE had a houseful at St. Bruno, the house she and her husband have taken for the summer at Sunningdale. Sir John and Lady Milbanke and the Hon. Anthony Winn were three of Mrs. Corrigan's guests. Lord and Lady Milton and the Paul Munsters were staying with the Byasses at Windsor. Mrs. Smith-Dorrien, who was also staying with them, wore one of the best outfits of all on Wednesday—dark blue with mustard yellow spots, gloves, and a flat sailor hat in mustard yellow.

The champagne tent is much too popular a meeting-place. We even saw Mrs. Charles Sweeny in there, looking extremely decorative in red and white; but she has never had a drink in her life, so why?

Dining in the Open

AT Yew Place, Farnham Royal, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Koch de Gooreynd had a party which included the Adrian Scropes (he is a cousin of the host, she a sister of Sir Richard Sykes), and Miss Rosemary Stanley, Lord Derby's niece.

One of the delights of staying at Yew Place is that on warm enough evenings you dine in the open air in a loggia, which was converted out of a conservatory at one end of the house.

MISS PEEPS

"Caroline Bayly"

Lady Caroline Paget played Phœbe in the O.U.D.S. production of "As You Like It" last week. She has been acting with the Oxford Repertory Company for a year, and uses Caroline Bayly as her stage name

Chantilly: Mr. Edward Esmond and Mr. Joseph E. Widener are well matched as international sportsmen. Mr. Esmond's horse was favourite for the big race, but didn't win

Smirke, who had never ridden at Chantilly before, went over to ride Tempest at the meeting. He is talking to Major Dudley Gilroy, who manages the Macomber stable in France

Mme. Fabry and Mr. Cecil Latta were at Chantilly for the centenary of the Prix du Jockey Club (the French Derby). She is the English wife of the French owner, and was Miss Avory

Racing in French

Meetings at Chantilly and Auteuil

Auteuil: Prince and Princess Michel Chervachidze raced seriously and together. They were married in February (she was Mrs. Jackson Goudey), and are coming to live in London in a Park Lane flat

Mme. Elvire Popesco, the Rumanian actress, was at Auteuil. She is making a film called "La Main de Madame Vidal," and after that is to co-star with Maurice Chevalier for the first time

Chantilly picnic: Mr. and Mrs. Joerggen Bagge and Major Humphrey de Freville lunched in the Chantilly Forest on the way to race. Major de Freville, late of the Beaufort Polo Club, now runs the polo at Bagatelle. More Paris pictures and the story of a "strike" week-end on pp. 556-7

"After You, Who . . .?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 26

Baron Franckenstein

WITH his Wellingtonian nose, fine hands, blue eyes, and silvery hair, Baron Franckenstein is frequently announced at public banquets and receptions as Sir John Simon or Lord Londonderry, although you would think he was quite unmistakable. But only a sad smile flits for a second across his handsome features. He has suffered far too much in sympathy with his country to be upset by minor idiocies like that. When, before the war, he was Second Counsellor in London, his country's population was fifty-six million. To-day there are only six and a-half in Austria since its cruel mutilation at the Treaty of Versailles. Nevertheless, and almost entirely due to his single-handed efforts, thousands more visitors from Great Britain and the United States spend their summer or winter holidays there than they did before the war. This year it is already almost impossible to book rooms at Salzburg for the Festival, and the increase in American tourists is actually five hundred per cent. over last year's figures.

THE three happiest moments in Baron Franckenstein's life, he will tell you, were his appointment as Minister at the Court of St. James in 1920; the receipt of information that the Bank of England had agreed to underwrite twelve million pounds of the Austrian Reconstruction Loan; and the conferment of the degree of D.C.L. on him at Oxford. When he came back to us after the war he found us distinctly reserved, and went through agonies trying to interest the powers-that-be in the saving of Austria—which was then sinking like a stone in the troubled financial waters just after the war. He knew that he could not try to rush things, and yet if help did not come quickly he knew that all would be ended. The first thing he did was to create an atmosphere of calm in the Legation and so he installed ancient oriental objets d'art, including one of the seven smiling Chinese Gods of Luck. Later he began his famous series of musical parties, and later still his balls for the winter relief of Vienna. He secured the services of the finest opera singers and dancers, like Lotte Lehmann and Tilly Losch, and thus made Mayfair so Austria-conscious that he has become the envy of every foreign travel bureau in London. One of his greatest triumphs was when the King, then Prince of Wales, went to Kitzbühl two years ago, later visiting Vienna.

BARON FRANCKENSTEIN is a bachelor, with a title that goes back to the twelfth century, and a gorgeous estate at Alt Aussee near Salzburg. He has a handicap of twelve at golf. His favourite composers are Wagner and Puccini. As a younger man he used to hunt both here and in Rome. His favourite dish is Backhaendl. But his chief characteristics are immense sympathy and imagination for people who are out of luck, a tremendous enthusiasm for detail, and a refusal ever to get tired or bored by the many dreary functions that his duties involve. By-the-bye, Frankenstein, the monster, spelled his name differently and, in any event, was merely the invention of a nineteenth-century novelist.

Charles Graves

Portrait of Cicely Courtneidge

This brisk and witty comedienne seems for the moment to be lost to the London stage; she hasn't put a quip across the footlights since her military turn at the Victoria Palace in 1934. But she has made lots of films—*Jack's the Boy*, *Falling for You* (both with her husband), *Me and Marlborough* are a few of them. In America she co-starred with Frank Morgan in a picture they called *The Perfect Gentleman* and we called *The Imperfect Lady* (there 's a nationalistic moral in that somewhere). Now she 's just finishing a new Gainsborough musical, *Everybody Dance*, with Ernest Truex as her opposite number

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A REMARK by Pierre Villette in *Candide* the other day seemed to sum up the present French situation neatly enough. He said, in a bitter and gloomy résumé, that there won't be a Red revolution in France—it 's there already. Moscow has been rather clever. Instead of employing spectacular shock-tactics, as in Spain, it has discreetly undermined every defence in which the French bourgeoisie trusted — Parliament, the Army, the police, right down to the Press ; and the bourgeoisie is only just waking up to the fact that France's destiny now depends on men whose names and faces are entirely unknown, though their inspiration is known only too well, alas !

Well ? It seems hardly likely that the great nation which has led Western civilisation for centuries (" France, mère des arts, des armes, et des loix . . .") will give in so easily to the Semito-Muscovite heresy, does it ? The French character, hard, deep-rooted, virile, fiercely resilient, has periodically astonished Europe with its quality. That adorable French rudeness—ever had a row with a concierge ?—is part of it. So is that terrible French attitude towards money, which most foreigners have had reason to fear and deplore at one time or another. There was once a deadly accurate satiric short story in the *New Yorker* by Alexander Woollcott on this topic, involving a great Parisian cocotte and the cadets of St. Cyr. To sketch even its bare outline here would mar its delicate beauty. They are damnably close, we are damnably stupid. Which national failing is the worse—who shall decide ? Next time you get into a scrimmage with the French nation over small change, remember the Gothic, which began in the Ile-de-France. Remember also Chartres and St.-Front at Périgord. Great Heaven, what we owe the French !

Monument

COMMENTING recently on the decline of the Paris Opéra—which monument of Second Empire rococo was reported a few years ago to be cracking in places, though it hasn't fallen yet—somebody we met at a party the other night went through the obvious list of attractions at the Opéra which keep foreign opera-lovers away : the ouvreuses, for example, with talons forever outstretched ; the tawdriness of scenery and costumes and effects which should have been scrapped a generation ago ; the dreary round of Gounod and Meyerbeer and Massenet and other portents of the dusty nineteenth century ; and the increasing number of raincoats in the audience. What this melancholy French critic didn't do was to explain this decline. It 's due obviously to the Opéra's having been so long a State department, with the usual concomitants of cynical bureaucracy, red tape, and je-m'en-fichisme. If we in these islands ever had a National Theatre, God forbid, the same thing would indubitably happen.

Two reservations are generally made when Parisians damn the Opéra architecturally as a monument of heavy-weight mediocrity. One is in favour of Carpeaux's group " La Danse " on the façade, and the other was originally proclaimed by Anatole France, who held that the generously-busted Egyptian ladies in greenish bronze holding up lamps outside the building are the ideal of womanhood and the finest statues in Paris. The old gentleman was probably being funny, or perhaps he wanted to annoy some bore. About eighty per cent. of the best wisecracks are due to irritation by a bore, which is a great argument for breeding bores and preserving them against their enemies. Happily, judging by the smartest faces, dials, pans, or physiognomies most recently joined in matrimony, there seems no reason for unease on the score of any future shortage.

Poet

NOT since the pious founder of the Newdigate fled to Heaven — as Garrick admirably phrased it, referring to a contemporary bigwig—has there been a simpler, manlier excuse by a poet for winning Sir Roger Newdigate's twenty guineas than that offered by Mr. D. M. de R. Winser of Corpus, this year's Oxford stroke. Mr. Winser said : " I did most of it in trains, and some during boat-race training, when I was so bored I didn't know what else to do." The subject set was Rain, which offers plenty of scope to a rowing man, and might inspire even a *London Mercury* poet with some such opening organ-note as :

Rain has a thousand uses ; yet—ah, yet !
Its drawback is, it often makes one wet (etc.)

However, not having read Mr. Winser's poem yet we can't judge whether he preserved the traditional Newdigate standard, gloriously fixed by Tennyson, and after him the great Lambkin of Burford, whose Newdigate on the Benefits of the Electric Light (1893 or thereabouts) is still cited as a model :

These are my theme, of these my song shall rise,
My lofty head shall swell to strike the skies,
And tears of hopeless love bedew the maiden's eyes (etc.)

The University Muse at her best is an elegant creature, and has produced some lines which do honour to our Race : *e.g.*, that Oxford poem on the illness of Edward VII. :

Across the wires the gloomy message came :
" He is no better ; he is much the same."

" Oh, no, sir—the art exhibition is next door "

"So Maurice is now a full-blown Colonel!"

And that one (same University) on the subject of Actæon:

His hands were changed to feet, and he, in short,
Became a stag.

There 's still, we 're told, an unhappy contention between Oxford and Cambridge for the privilege of claiming the poet who sang at the death of Queen Victoria:

Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,
Into the tomb the Great Queen dashes.

As a matter of fact, a poet of Empire wrote it; and a Babu at that.

Dumb Friends' Corner

Most succulent evening-paper poster of the last few days:

CLERGYMAN HITS WIFE WITH DOG.

On probing further it seemed that the clergyman had four dogs chained to the motor-bicycle he was riding, and that when he met his wife he struck her across the head with a terrier, for which he was knocked into the gutter by a Frenchman (proh pudor!). The Ryde Bench then fined him five guineas and costs and forbade him to keep dogs evermore.

We 've never yet hit a woman with a dog, believing it to be an un-English and difficult act, but we can realise it may sometimes be a good thing to do. For striking very small women a Pekingese is the obvious use. Very large blondes may require a St. Bernard, which has to be swung with care. An old Chinese proverb says that to hit a woman with a cross or embarrassed St. Bernard means five years' bad luck; and, moreover, the big, reproachful bloodshot eyes of the animal often affect the disciplinarian's aim. For the St. Bernard is a dog of kindness and virtue—witness that one some time ago who dug a London publisher out of a huge snowdrift in a blizzard, ran back with him in his mouth to the Hospice, read the blank disappointment in every face, and ran swiftly back and replaced him. Another intelligent animal is Hugh Walpole's dog Coaker, one of the finest sons of bitches in literature—not to be confused with Horace Walpole's Tonton, who was all fire and temperament and ideal for lacerating week-end guests.

Apropos, there is a good dog story about our own Mr. Archibald Macdonell. On coming down from Oxford he went in for dog-stuffing, an art of which he was passionately fond, in his dilettante way, stuffing every kind of dog and presenting them to his friends. "Have you ever," asked a quiet, silver-haired old stuffed-dog lover one day, watching him at work, "thought of turning this undoubted talent to literature?" Instantly abandoning a half-stuffed dachshund, Macdonell hurried out, and a week later was editing the *Spectator*—a step up in the world or down, according as you look at it.

Big Boy

One of the *Times'* boys is impressed by the suit of armour belonging to Henry VIII. which has just been lent to the Fitzwilliam

"Au revoir, dear. Hope you have a safe crossing"

Museum at Cambridge from the Windsor Castle collection. "In the straddling stance and the hanging, stiffly curved arms," he alleges, "it creates a startling illusion of Bluff King Hal himself." The effect might be even more powerful if they affixed a neat label reminding Henry's Cambridge admirers that the bluff, swaggering fellow never once risked his skin in battle. His two great rivals, of the same age as himself, François I. of France and Charles V. of Spain and Germany, were soldiers of the front line and leaders of their armies. Not so Henry, whose tastes were of a less dangerous kind. The dons, who are terrible fellows for glory (especially those with glasses), don't like having this fact mentioned about their hero.

Where and when Henry VIII. wore this majestic suit of plate, unless he wore it at tournaments or put it on to abash his women, isn't quite clear. Our own belief is that in this matter he resembled George IV., who was under the fixed impression that he charged and conquered at Waterloo. It 's a harmless mania and involves no bodily risk, and it attacks many quite decent people. We know three little magnates, for example, each of whom thinks he is Napoleon reincarnate and goes about grimly tweaking the ears of subordinates and women and issuing brief, brusque edicts. G. Bernard Shaw, again, thinks he is the Messiah. Most Cabinet Ministers think they rule the country, and a pale, thin man named Twitchett we heard of recently thinks he is Bonnie Prince Charlie and goes round giving people the sheets off his bed for heirlooms, saying: "The gift of Charles Edward Rex." Most people kick him gently in the pants, which, it now occurs to us, may have been the obvious cure for Henry VIII. and other megalomaniacs, had anybody thought of it.

Take Thou This Nose . . .

MR. JIMMY ("SCHNOZZLE") DURANTE'S Press agent's first real public offering wasn't too bad. Mr. Durante appeared in the evening papers nursing two of the St. Neot's quadruplets, one of which, by a laughable coincidence, was grasping Mr. Durante's celebrated nose. How difficult it is to think up bright newsy publicity for stars only we Fleet Street boys know—which is why we trust the Nose will be linked up with a lot of topical events of the Season before the interest fades. We 'd like, for example, to see the loveliest debutante of 1936 married at St. George's, Hanover Square, holding it. (Mr. Durante would have a comic expression.) Again, at an end-of-season reception a famous Society hostess might lean over the great staircase and strike at Mr. Durante's nose with a tuning-fork, causing amusement among smart guests. (In the series of drawings called the *Songes Drôlatiques de Pantagruel*, incidentally, there 's a nose rather like Mr. Durante's resting in a wheelbarrow, and another all over rocks and crags and trees, with a nude lady standing on the end, pointing indignantly to the face behind. Any idea there?)

Sorry They 've Been Troubled

EGGING you on the other day to hit architects more, by way of showing detestation of the things they keep doing, we were actuated solely by æsthetic reasons. It has since been urged on us by an F.R.I.B.A. that not all architects do these things deliberately. He says it 's unfair to confuse the big evil architect, banging down his foul inventions on the blue-print with a dirty laugh, with the less assertive, weaker, more gentle, almost motherly type of architect which often has mild blue eyes and regrets its misdoings very much. For example (he said) there is a newly-constructed hospital somewhere in England in which the telephone-bell rings in the operating theatre—a novel idea, causing great fun and laughter every time the operating surgeon jumps. The architects didn't plan this in cold blood or with any sadistic intent. It was a pure impulse, impish, perhaps, but not unkindly, and they now regret it as much as anybody. The same applies to the architect who built a biggish theatre some time ago and forgot the dressing-rooms. Therefore, argues our F.R.I.B.A. acquaintance, it would be wrong to hit 'em indiscriminately, especially since the Le Corbusier influence is to blame for a lot of things we feel sick about.

Tail-piece

SO much typical Cockney humour is so self-conscious and (to coin a phrase) not so fearfully good, that this genuine bit of dialogue, overheard by K. R. G. Browne, poet and peasant, in Russell Square and certified to us as genuine, seems worth recording. An old lady on the kerb was questioning a bus conductor.

"Does this bus go to Waterloo?"
"No, mum, number 68."
"Number 68?"
"Yes, mum, number 68."
"Does it stop here?"
"Yes, mum, it stops here."
"*Here*, did you say?"
"Yes, mum, right here."
"But does it stop at this spot?"
"Yes, mum."
"It stops here?"
"That 's right, mum."
"Just here, where I 'm standing now?"

The conductor smiled wearily, shoved his cap back, and answered very sweetly as his bus moved away: "To be perfectly frank with you, mum, it does." We think this isn't bad.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Honeymoon suite be hanged! What 've you got cold for supper?"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Some Explorers and a Governess

"Heroes Don't Care" (St. Martin's)

SURELY Margot Neville is the first person, with the exception of Florence Desmond in *Streamline*, to treat the subject of the North Pole with so much levity? In reality, it can be no joke to undertake a Polar expedition, but she manages to make it one long laugh in her comedy *Heroes Don't Care*.

Sir Edward Pakenham (Felix Aylmer), accompanied by his party, including his charming wife, who is seeing him off, have forgathered at Bergvaag, in Norway, one of the outposts of civilisation, from whence they will depart into the frozen wastes on their way to the Pole. A slight hitch occurs as Tom Gregory (Rex Harrison), in charge of the commissariat, has left behind an all-important consignment of biscuits. This is not surprising, as he is a delightful young man with a real gift for forgetting things—in fact, he has just remembered that he had forgotten till this moment to remember that as a child he suffered from chilblains and that expeditions to the frozen North are not likely to agree with him. He is thrown still further off his balance by the discovery that he and Lady Pakenham (Carol Goodner) are madly in love with each other; such an engrossing fact, that he completely forgets to warn Sir Edward that the aeroplane in which he proposes flying to collect the missing biscuits has a defective magneto!

This lapse suggests forcibly to Sir Edward that his expeditionary party would be a better and a safer affair without Tom, and he proposes to take in his place a certain Mrs. Crawford (Coral Brown), a famous woman explorer who has been hanging around for just such a chance. No sooner is this decision made than Tom yearns to go, after all, and this is where the play falls off, for he dithers to an extent that is too improbable, and it makes a very weak ending. All the same, it is great fun and well acted. Rex Harrison is particularly bright, and it is to be hoped there will be many more parts for him in London.

"Miss Smith" (Duke of York's)

WHAT are the duties of a nursery governess? Judging by the responsibilities shouldered by Miss Smith, they range from the pleasant and innocuous task of arranging the flowers to the more onerous burden of arguing with and defeating strike leaders. "What a girl!" and "Where are such girls to be found?" will no doubt be the cry of many a harassed mother needing someone just like Mary Smith.

This paragon might so easily have been made an unbearable prig, but in the capable hands of that clever actress, Olga Lindo, she is a resourceful, intelligent and pleasant young woman who has the Marden family eating out of her hand. Mrs. Marden (Dora Gregory), it is true, tries to remember to keep the governess in her place, but Mr. Marden (Julian Mitchell) leans on her efficiency and common sense; with the eldest daughter, Vivian (Enid Morgan), she is a restraining influence, and the two small and exceedingly obstreperous Mardens are quelled by her lightest word, while her masterpieces in diplomacy are disentangling the son of the house, Charles (Anthony Bruce), from the clutches of a vulgar, money-grubbing chorus girl, brilliantly played by Phyllis Konstam, and settling the differences between Mr. Marden and his workmen.

After all this altruistic work it is too bad that poor Miss Smith should be left in the air just when a chance meeting with the noble Lord who had loved and lost her seems to foreshadow wedding bells. But no! The author, Henry Bernard, chooses to give a twist at the last, presumably to avoid the too conventional magazine-story ending. His play is so pleasant and unpretentious it would seem unkind to pick holes in it, but in the last act it is a little tedious to listen to Miss Smith recapitulating to Mr. Marden the arguments we have already heard her use to settle the two disgruntled employees who have called to see their boss. And isn't Miss Smith a little too bright and good for human nature's daily food? Still, judging by this first effort, the author will probably one day write a very good play indeed.

Sketches by Rouson

Tom Gregory (Rex Harrison) has an eye on Lady Pakenham when he speeds the departure of Sir Edward Pakenham (Felix Aylmer)

Fashion for a six months' long Arctic night: Lady Pakenham (Carol Goodner)

Norwegian tap-room scene, with humorous relief: Frederick Piper and Coral Brown

As the Butterfly in "L'Epreuve d'Amour"

Helène Kirsova

Ballerina of the Blum Ballets de Monte Carlo

Helène Kirsova dances delightfully as the teasing Butterfly of Fokine's Chinese ballet; in the curious purple skin-tight suit and shimmering blue wings that Derain designed for the part, she darts about the stage with the same gay mockery she brings to Papillon in *Carnaval*. She dances also in *Sylphides* and has a solo part in *Don Juan*, Fokine's new composition to the Gluck ballet originally produced in Vienna in 1761. Its first performance at the Alhambra takes place this week. Kirsova is Danish, trained principally with Egorova, and first appeared with de Basil's company in 1933. She joined the Blum-Fokine company early this year

Photographs by Anthony

The English "Extra" (Bramwell Fletcher) to the Film Producer (Frank Fenton):
"A commissioned officer would swoon away at the sight of it"

The Two Scenario Writers (Clinton Sundberg and Donald Macdonald) Rag the Producer:
"I'm going mad—mad"

The Girl to the Star (Don Douglas):
"Of course he had a father."—"I mean a married father."
"He was, but I didn't know it"

The Producer:
"I want trumpets—trumpets that you push in and out"

The Girl (Helen Chandler) to the Boy:
"I'm different on account of my condition"

Parting Shot:
"I've got to see a man about a woman"

"Boy Meets Girl"

llywood is the Satirist's Target Again

LLYWOOD method and Hollywood madness get into the pillory nce again in Bella and Samuel Spewack's farce at the Shaftes- which pokes fun at the stellar city in the *Once in a Lifetime* tion. Helen Chandler is the girl, a "wide-eyed maiden whom as not boiled at all," and Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, who ngly turns out to be an off-shoot of British aristocracy. The etween meeting and getting girl is not filled up with losing ccording to formula; instead, the hard-worked cells of the re charged by the electrical wisecracks of two scenario-writers, d with gusto by Clinton Sundberg and Donald Macdonald, et off admirably by Frank Fenton's pompous Mr. Friday

Photographs by John Everard

The Scenario Writers:
"... and we want the dandiest confinement you have in stock"

Boy to Girl:
nd we have the four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter!"

Dolly Haas is Lucy, and Arthur Margetson is Burrows, her bullying father, in this film version of Thomas Burke's story

Julius Hagen's Twickenham production of D. W. Griffith's silent masterpiece, *Broken Blossoms*, has Dolly Haas as heroine—a part which bears the whole plot on its shoulders and whose interpretation has caused at least one authoritative critic to judge her "better than Bergner." Emlyn Williams has the difficult task of playing the Chinese who brings a short-lived beauty into the slum-child heroine's life, and Arthur Margetson looms evilly through the film as her brutal father. Notable for fine direction, fine acting and sympathetic photography, it is worth noting also that *Broken Blossoms* — a tale of idyllic love — has no kiss-shot in it. Hans Brahm directed; the film had its première on Monday at the London Pavilion

Setting for a Limehouse Tragedy

"Broken Blossoms"

East Meets West at the London Pavilion

Emlyn Williams plays Richard Barthelmess's silent part, opposite Dolly Haas in Lilian Gish's rôle

Films of the Day

The Sin of Pretentiousness : By George Campbell

HOLLYWOOD and Broadway have many attractive qualities. I have acknowledged them so often that I won't be thought offensive, I hope, if I point out one that is not so attractive. I mean pretentiousness. Even some of America's best writers are not wholly free from it—Theodore Dreiser, with his solemn deification of Theodore Dreiser, and William Faulkner, who was content to tell a good story brilliantly in *Soldiers' Pay*, and has been getting more desperately literary and psychological and pathological ever since.

In some of the small fry this pretentiousness is frankly intolerable. You have only to see the names of Rachel Crothers and Adela St. Johns Rogers and the rest of the famous sob sisters to prepare yourself for the worst—a cheaply erotic story spiced with odds and ends picked up in a hasty reading of Freud and sweetened for popular consumption with chunks of uplift derived from Elbert Hubbard. Now and then Hollywood gives us a picture with genuine insight into human nature—*Private Worlds*, for instance, and *Of Human Bondage* and *The Informer*. But none of these, as it happens, was written in America ; and it was a bit of a surprise that they escaped mutilation, that dreadful flattening and reduction to formula that we saw in the case of *Crime and Punishment*.

MIND you, I am not for a moment suggesting that the psychology in British pictures is more profound. Ninety-nine per cent. of them have no psychology at all. Their characters are not human beings but only types, as stereotyped as the figures in an early Victorian melodrama. Jack Vernon (" As brave as he is handsome "), Rosemary Trevelyan (" The Flower of Torquay "), Sir Jasper Blackheart (" A disgrace to the name he bears "), Ted Bowline (" A jolly Tar ")—take away the side-whiskers and crinolines and bonnets, give them bathing suits and Bronxes, and set them down in a cocktail bar at Cannes, and you have the beginnings of a typical British comedy featuring John Loder, Jessie Matthews, Cecil Ramage and Sonnie Hale.

For the most part, if you want films about adult human beings, you have to go to the French and the Austrians.

ALL this apropos of *Dangerous*. Hollywood thinks *Dangerous* is marvellous. The dean of *Variety's* English school considers the writing in this picture " superb." (*Variety*, in case you don't know, is the American entertainment organ whose front page bears such headlines as STICKS NIX HICK PIX, meaning that the Provinces have no use for rustic pictures.) American critics raved about its profound psychological insight, its exploration of the human heart, its moving drama, until you wondered if you hadn't happened on a review of Dostoievsky by mistake. And to cap it all, Bette Davis's performance won her a gold medal for the best acting of 1935. This, don't forget, in competition with Charles Laughton, in *Ruggles of Red Gap* and *Mutiny on the Bounty*, Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone and Guy Standing in *Bengal Lancer*, W. C. Fields as Micawber, and some pretty useful jobs of work by Clark Gable, Paul Muni, Lionel Barrymore, Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, and a couple of dozen others.

Well, at last we 've seen *Dangerous*, and I, for one, don't think much of it. The story is reminiscent, the psychology is of the shallowest, tritest kind, the drama fails to move one, because you can never believe that the central character amounts to a row of beans. She is supposed to be a brilliant creature, all fire and air, whose genius was a legend in the Broadway theatre until her fatal instability and passion for excitement ruined her career. Personally, I think too highly of Broadway to believe that the woman played by Miss Davis could ever have been a great star, especially in Shakespeare. To me she suggested only a showgirl on the booze, with a talent for imitating Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Davis is a competent young actress, within narrow limits ; the notion that she is a great new tragedienne is simply silly. Let 's leave her, and *Dangerous*, at that.

"SHOW BOAT," essentially a fan's picture, hardly calls for criticism. Millions with fond memories of the Drury Lane play and first talkie version will see it with ruminant enjoyment. As cinematic art it does not exist. There is not one new idea, not a sequence that couldn't be done as well, or better, on the stage, where the show belongs. Nevertheless, *Show Boat* will probably clean up a million dollars, so why should James Whale, who made it, start worrying about montage ?

Jan Kiepura stars in another Hollywood musical, *Give Us This Night*, together with Gladys Swarthout. Miss Swarthout has charm and sings most attractively ; Mr. Kiepura has plenty of chances, and if you like these yodelling rodeos, here is fair to medium entertainment.

I FRANKLY preferred *Big Brown Eyes*, a formula thriller, but done with the slickness and wit that are Hollywood's greatest assets. Here we are in a world of crooks and gunmen that Filmland understands ; the plot is kept moving without ever straining the probabilities ; and Joan Bennett, Cary Grant and the rest all fit their parts like gloves. Don't be put off by the title—*Big Brown Eyes* is good, lively, unpretentious stuff ; as good in its way as *Pier* 13 or *Thirteen Hours by Air*. And I can't say fairer than that.

Paul Robeson Sings "Ole Man River" Again

Left : all the critics came away from seeing " Show Boat " rather irritated, but predicting a vast popular success for it. They were right. It has been running a fortnight at the Leicester Square Theatre, and still everyone who wants to hasn't heard Paul Robeson sing that most famous song of his again. Irene Dunne, Charles Winniger, Allan Jones, Helen Morgan, and Helen Westley are other people in this huge musical

Czecho-Slovakian Robin Hood

Czecho-Slovakia has produced a new romantic thriller, " Janosik," for the Academy. The hero is that country's Robin Hood, an eighteenth-century adventurer of the mountains, played with dash and gaiety by Palo Bielik. The heroine is a lovely Slovakian girl called Zlata Hajdukova

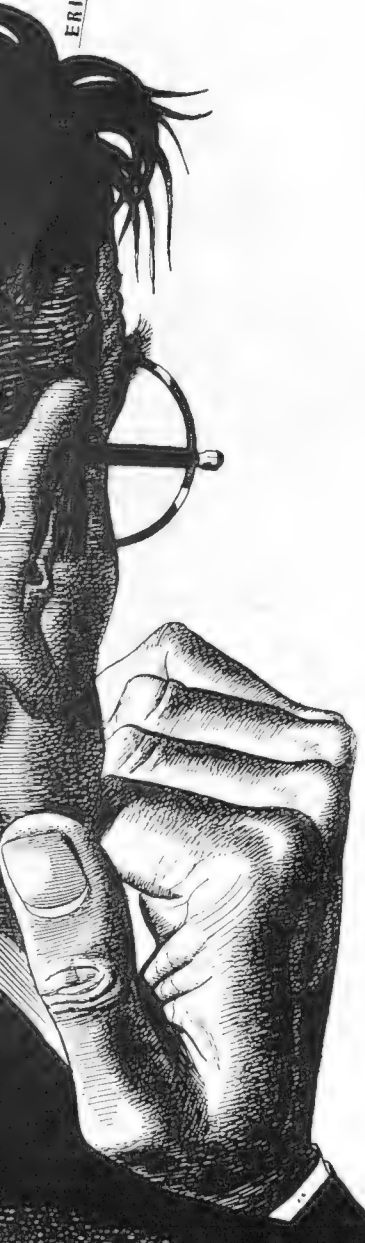
Decoration by Eric Fraser

THE FROG

"Bystander" Short Story No. 43

By John Lang

ERIC FRASER



IT sits there—there, only inches from this paper—shiny, fat, smiling, almost an oily smirk on its face, holding what might be a sun-glass in its hand—looking at a frog. Not an ordinary, everyday frog, but a frog carved out of a ruby. The rest of the figure is just plain ivory—dark with the ages, dark with the dusky and yellow hands that have held it. Perhaps dark with some of the blood it has spilt.

It spells covetousness. All who look want it—first to touch, finally to possess.

Your slightest movement while looking and the frog seems to wink and beckon you on, asking you to grasp it.

All who have had it—and they are legion—have never kept it long. Down through the ages bloody knife, Chinese crossbow, Malayan kris and belly-ripping curved blades, each has claimed the last owner.

By the light of the fire every time I enter the room, before switching on the lamp, there seems to be a red aura around it. Perhaps it is just imagination or reflected light from the ruby. Maybe a consciousness of all the lives it has taken. But it is there.

Carved by a master long, long ago called to his ancestors, perhaps made as a New Year's gift to some mandarin . . .

THE sign, hanging perpendicular by the shop door, carved in faded gilt Chinese characters, to the initiated spelt "Ah Wing, Ivories": to the tourist passer-by just another of a hundred similar ones all down the street. Flanked on the one side by a small eating-house and on the other by a working jeweller, who sat all day squatting on his heels on a high stool, tapping, tap, tap with his little hammer, one didn't expect to find anything of real value there.

Each year when passing through Chow-Tsing on my way up country I always seemed to have to stop there. True, one changed from clanking, sooty steam train to old and ancient Ford, and as the latter sometimes went and sometimes didn't, I usually had a day or more to spare, during which time I explored the highways and by-ways.

Wandering down the Street of the Lotus some years before I had picked up—and only just in time—a plump little Chinese baby from under a creaking bullock cart, and returned it to an equally fat and wrathful mother. Wrathful with the queer mother instinct of fright when any of their young are nearly harmed, but not quite. After alternately embracing and scolding the scared little mite, with rice-flour on its head and cheeks and hair shaven except for the small tuft left in front—left, Heaven knows why, unless it is for the angels to lift it by—she turned to me, a fleeting, grateful look in her eyes, before turning in flaming wrath on the driver.

What she said I cannot say, but as all seemed well I started on my way, to be stopped by a smiling Chinaman, who was profuse with his thanks and begged me to enter his poor house and partake of tea.

A broken-down chair was brought forward, what time his wife filled the doorway, telling all the world just what had happened, and just where the so-and-so cart driver would go to.

On the walls masks in ivory, knives in ivory sheaths, pens, figures large and small, pipes, and a hundred and one other objects covered shelves. Most of them new and white. A ball about the size of a tennis ball, with carved lattice windows, and on closer examination another ball within it, and inside that another. A

(Continued on page 552)

Heil or Hail

His Honour Judge Konstam intended his chauffeur to hurry; he had to get back to work after the Levée at Buckingham Palace

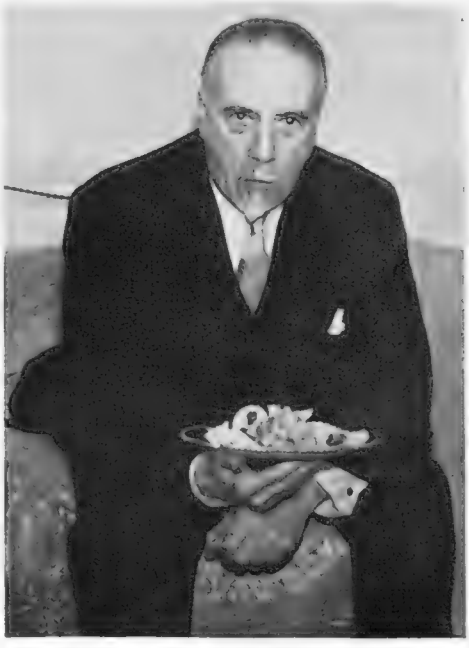
Below: Lord Rossmore lives in Ireland most of the time; too bad that when he does go to a London party he has to wait for his supper

Expectation

Swim - Dance

"Boudheya" has studied Oriental dancing and evidently under-water swimming as well, for that gave her the idea for this particular dance. She did it last week at a dance recital at the Arts Theatre from which the Lambeth Girls' Welfare Association expected to benefit

Attitudes: Unexpectedly Struck by Quite Nice People



Have One, Will You?

Right: Sir Thomas Beecham was at a cocktail-party; he's polite and handed round a dish of etceteras, and then had it rather on his hands

Good-morning, England!

Dr. A. Salter and Mr. George Lansbury arrived back from America the other day; they were so pleased to see England again

Stiff Necks To-morrow

The Duchess of Northumberland and Lord Goschen got their flying-display necks at the opening of the new Gatwick Airport

The Frog *(continued from page 550)*

monument of patience and a masterpiece of craftsmanship.

I tried to buy, after several cups of green tea, some small thing, but it was thrust upon me as a gift, with an invitation to return when next that way.

A year later, quite by accident, I found myself in Lotus Street and looked through Ah Wing's window to see if there was something I could take home as a present. Ah Wing rushed out, and again the green tea was forthcoming. So, year by year, it gradually became a habit, and year by year the son of the house grew and grew, learning English at the local mission school and trying it out on me.

Ah Wing and I became fast friends, until one autumn when I called, there, twinkling at me in the glass case reserved for special exhibits, was my fat, shiny figure with the frog.

Instantly I coveted it and tried to buy. Refusal, point-blank.

"Anything else but that."

"Nothing else but that."

No, I was his friend, and one does not wish bad luck—perhaps sudden death—to one's friends.

"But why the bad luck?"

It had dried blood on it, he said. Late one night one who looked as though he were a bandit slipped into the shop for shelter—only to choke his life away with a knife stuck in his back.

In his hand was the Idol. Ah Wing took it, and kept it. Within the week his wife died. Nothing particularly sinister about that. But the next day his wife's cousin, who did the cooking, fell ill, and she, too, died.

Then, one after another, other things happened. Business deals fell through: he quarrelled with his oldest friend. Gradually the conviction grew that it must be the ruby—but even then he couldn't bear to part with it.

For a while it had been hidden, and only taken out in great secrecy, to be fondled and looked at.

Business grew worse, and so, in due course it was placed in the little glass case. One day a wealthy-looking countryman came in, and the moment he saw it exclaimed. Then a little of its history came out.

A man, a friend of his, a wealthy merchant, of Fou-Chow, had once owned it. Thieves had broken in to steal, and his friend had been killed trying to defend it. He, too, had sent robbers to obtain it for him in the first case, and so its tale went back by word of mouth, back through the centuries, a tale of death and ill-luck.

For a while it had blinked at you as you came into the temple from the strong sunlight outside, and shaven-headed priests, too, had paid the penalty.

All who kept it died, but all who possessed it could never part with it. Time and time again Ah Wing had taken it, wrapped in a piece of cloth, and tried to throw it in the sluggish river which flowed at the end of the street. He had stood on the high curved bridge—and time and time again had returned home with it. . . .

"No. Not for sale."

Perhaps he, too, would die in time. Die by the robber's knife. It was only in the case to attract attention, in the hopes of making other sales.

Suddenly the impulse overcame me. I looked at my watch. Less than an hour before my train went. Say twenty minutes to the station—and if I kept Ah Wing busy for another twenty minutes or so and then sent him out on an errand, perhaps . . .

TWISTING and dodging, I gradually left the turmoil behind me. My clothes were wet with sweat and stuck to me as I walked now as fast as I dared without making myself conspicuous. I hoped that my arrival and the train's departure would just coincide.

The station in sight, and steam circling up above the roof. Round to the far side of the train, and as the "puffing Billy" in front began to pull out I clambered aboard. Safe.

I pulled it out of my pocket to look at it closer and to watch the fire of the ruby in the sunlight. A wicked red.

No harm could come to me. I was of another race, and didn't believe such things.

And yet, going on board the ferry at Kowloon I slipped between the ferry and the wharf and almost drowned.

On board the Asia my usual poker sense seemed to have deserted me. We had one of the foulest trips I or anyone else could remember.

First a typhoon three days out, and then, when in the Indian Ocean, the engines broke down and for two days we laid on an oily swell and blistered.

We passed Socotra, and going up the Red Sea a fireman rushed on deck, mad with the heat, and threw himself overboard. Before a boat could be lowered there was a mad swirl alongside, the flash of a white belly, and the water was dyed red.

My steward said dismally that there must be a hoodoo on board, and I believed him.

I left the boat at Marseilles to fly home. Paris was drenched in sunshine, but when we were over the Channel we flew into fog, and finally, somewhere in Kent, into a tree.

That settled travels for all time for me, leaving me with one leg two inches shorter than the other, and an ugly scar over half my head and face.

But still it sits there, winking, blinking, grimacing, goading—tantalising, untouchable. There, only inches from this paper.

One day . . . who knows?

THE END.

England Beat France at Deal

Comte L. de Montgomery and L. G. Crawley: the Count, playing with A. Gobert, beat Crawley and P. B. Lucas in the foursomes by two and one

H. G. Bentley, who lost to M. Carlhian in the singles, is with J. Leglise. England won the day by 4 matches to 1 (two were halved)

E. F. Storey (English captain) and M. Carlhian, Bentley's victor. Storey beat Comte L. de Montgomery in his single by two holes

A drink beyond all criticism . . .

When the sun is hot and the throat all parched, slip into the shade with a Schweppes Sparkling Grape Fruit. Here is a drink that pleases the palate—a drink in which is bottled all the real goodness of the fresh fruit itself.

Schweppes

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Paul Muni in Three Parts

Miner, General Practitioner, Specialist

In "Black Fury"

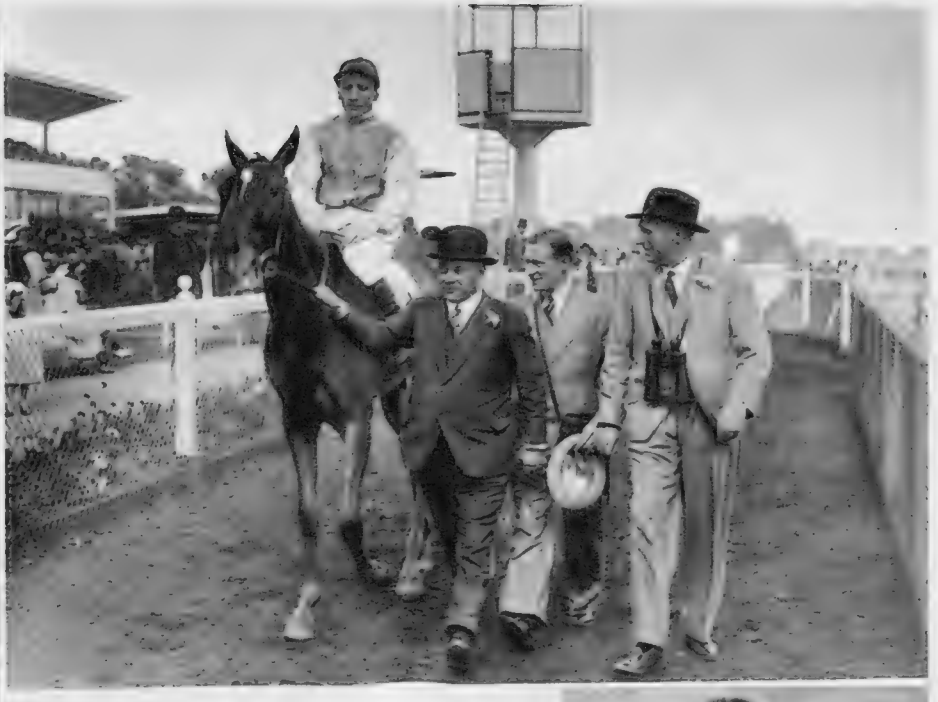
In "The Story of Louis Pasteur"

In "Dr. Socrates"

Paul Muni's latest picture is *The Story of Louis Pasteur*; its gala première at the New Gallery on Monday was organised by Lady Curzon in aid of the St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden. As in *I Am a Fugitive*, Muni acts biography in his part of the great Frenchman who invented the system of inoculating against anthrax and rabies. Paul Muni is Austrian; born in Lemberg, he emigrated to America and made his first stage appearance at the age of thirteen. His big success was twenty-three years later, in 1931, when he played George Simon in *Counsellor-at-Law*. The films had already claimed some of his time and since *Scarface*, which made him a star of the first order, his reputation as an actor has steadily risen. In *Black Fury*, last November, he was a miner; in *Dr. Socrates*, last February, he was a small-town G.P.; his latest part has called words of praise in America from Roosevelt and H. G. Wells, and won him second award from the Motion Picture Academy

Holders of the Colts' Cup

The Panthers won the Junior Colts' Cup at Ranelagh by beating the Royal Horse Guards' team eleven to five and a half. The Panthers' team is the Hon. Bill Astor (back), Captain J. C. Vernon-Miller (No. 3), and, seated, Mr. Bobby Loewenstein (No. 1) and Captain H. G. Cowdell (No. 2). The Horse Guards' team consisted of Mr. Morris-Kealing, Mr. G. A. Murray Smith, the Hon. C. I. C. Wood and the Duke of Roxburghe



Winner of the Northolt Derby

Ethelstone, with T. Carey up, won the Northolt Park "Derby." Mr. H. J. Brueton, owner, is leading him in with Mr. Pat Donoghue, trainer, and Mr. F. A. Rowland

Right: Jack F. G. Lysaght, six-foot-six Oxford tennis Blue, bought Pepito, Brazilian squirrel monkey, in Madeira; now Pepito goes everywhere with him, sitting by the court during play. Lysaght smuggles him into the All-England Club in his pocket, and Pepito was to watch his master meet J. O. Anderson in the Wimbledon first round

Jack Lysaght

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

Donald Budge

"The strongest challenge is likely to come from Budge" for F. J. Perry's title of Men's Champion at Wimbledon this year. Budge, who is American, beat Crawford and Quist in the Davis Cup

HERE we are, with Wimbledon well under way, a Test match at Lord's next Saturday, interest in athletics sharpening up and plenty to talk about.

I have had my say about the Wimbledon prospects, but the results of the Wightman Cup match were significant, and cannot be overlooked. Odd, isn't it, how difficult these American ladies are to beat? With Miss Helen Jacobs failing to win a match the Cup should have been in our pocket, but once again it slipped.

Well, that is old news now. We are more concerned with the form of the various players and its bearing upon the present warfare at Wimbledon.

I WATCHED the Wightman Cup struggle for a while, and talked to experts here and there, and my main impressions were these: Miss Jacobs was having a little trouble with her re-modelled forehand. It did not work smoothly, and her confidence was disturbed. She found her touch towards the end of that decisive doubles match, however, and I fancy she will be in fighting trim at Wimbledon. Miss Stammers maintained her reputation for inconsistency. How devastatingly brilliant she was against Miss Jacobs, but how frustrated against the slice and flat drives of Mrs. Fabyan! Miss Stammers depends upon her terrific forehand drive: she thrives upon the rising ball; she massacred Miss Jacobs' second service mercilessly. Mrs. Fabyan tumbled to it—long ago, perhaps—for she beat Miss Stammers in the American Championships last year. At any rate, Mrs. Fabyan kept the trajectory of her strokes low; Miss Stammers' forehand was robbed of its potency. Whether Mrs. Fabyan will always beat Miss Stammers remains to be seen, but the possibility is disquieting.

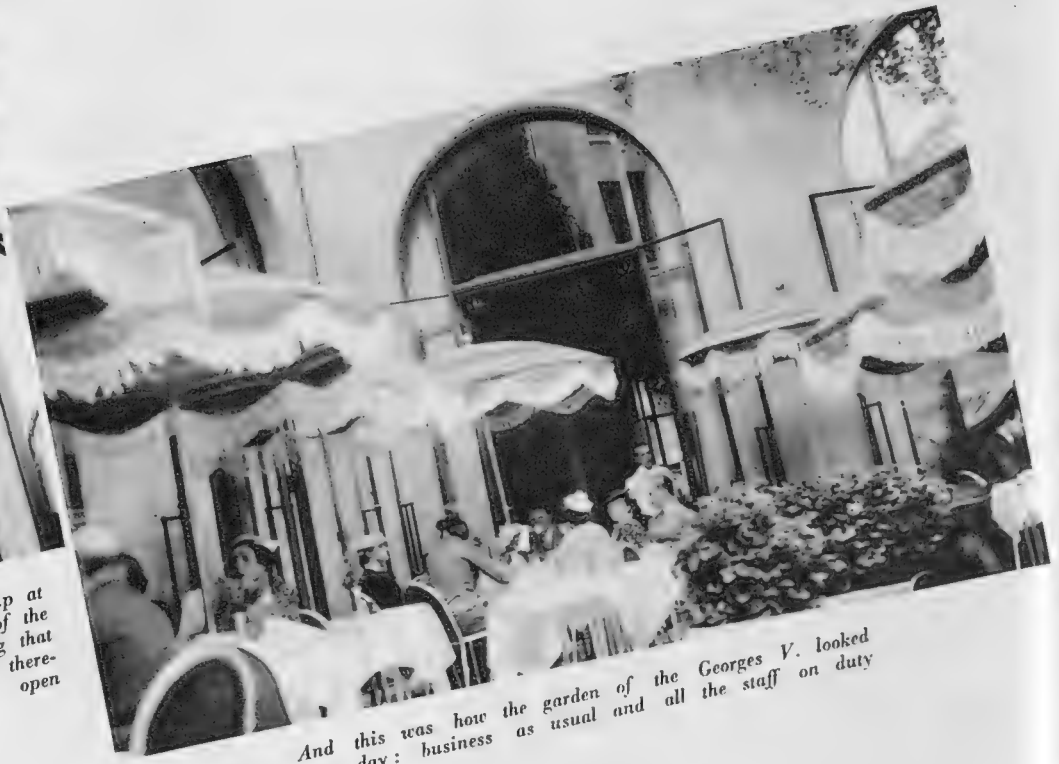
Miss Round was superb, a fully equipped player, with the entire range of strokes, the length and pace, the perfect control, the strength on the back-hand; the potential champion, in fact. I still think that Miss Jacobs has it in her to win at Wimbledon, but Miss Round in this form is the top.

A pity that Miss Dearman and Miss Lyle failed in the doubles. There were other combinations of players which might have been more successful, and perhaps more exhaustive trials of strength would have produced them in time for the contest. Still, it is too late now for complaint. Let us instead salute the victors and promise them a stiffer challenge still next year.

NOW about this cricket, for next Saturday All India try their luck against England at Lord's. Do not be misled into underrating All-India. We have had some ill-informed criticism of the Indian team from Bombay, superficially justified on bare results, perhaps, but grossly unfair in fact. The Maharaja Kumar of Viziniagram is an enthusiastic and able captain. The players are a happy family, despite their run of ill luck. The weather has been bitterly against them.

(Concluded on page viii)

This was the yellow notice posted up at the Hotel Georges V. on the day of the restaurant and hotel strike, showing that the C.G.T. terms were accepted and therefore the hotel could remain open



And this was how the garden of the Georges V. looked next day: business as usual and all the staff on duty

Paris Week-end

Strikes, Racing and Polo

WHEN people say "Why go to Paris—it 's quite dead," I nearly always go, because it isn 't. Friends telegraphed "Strongly advise you not to come," so I arrived on the day the hotel strike was settled and found there never had been a strike at the Ritz, which overflowed with horrified Americans who had been obliged to make their beds at other hotels—shirt-sleeves to shirtsleeves in three generations, and all that. Eric Hatry was in the new bar and Anita de Pombo, who is hailed as "the next Schiaparelli," because she sets Spanish fashions, and Prince Christopher of Greece and Mrs. Stanley Smith, with her pearls, so I decided there was no revolution to speak of, and went out.

Some of the big shops were still walled up, with the employees inside playing cards and dusting counters. They stayed in over a fortnight and kept everything beautifully clean. Not a pin was pinched. The hairdressers were on strike that week-end, but mainly because it was a fine week-end. The Renault workers made peace. Theirs was the only factory where the girls were not sent to their homes at nights, so the Bourse made up naughty stories about the goings-on and the other factories were jealous.

The day I arrived the Gardes Mobiles were called out, in case of manifestations, and the deepest imaginable calm set in. But make no mistake. For five days things had looked very nasty indeed. Celebrities with young children made for their chateaux, and visitors were alarmed by being picketed out of one restaurant after another, wild rumours circulated and Consulates were besieged for visas.

THERE was no racing for several days, because "les lads," as stable boys are called, went out first, and then the people who print the Tote tickets followed; but now all is gay in the garden and the Grand Prix next Sunday should have a huge attendance, judging by the crowds at the French Derby, or Prix du Jockey Club, which was founded in 1836 but hasn 't reached its real centenary as, owing to the Franco-Prussian and Great Wars, this is only the ninety-fifth time of running.

On the Saturday I went to Auteuil, where dress was restrained (perhaps the mannequins were striking), after lunching in the garden of the Georges V, where the young de Janzés and Castéjas (the latter's Daisy Fellowes' lovely daughter) were looking sleepy because they had been out every night, in spite of the "troubles." Jan Kiepura, the Polish tenor, who sang that Sunday at the Opéra Comique, was lunching, and at the races I found Cecil Latta and Giovanni Stagni, also adorable Elvire Popesco, who 's making a film opposite Chevalier, and Prince and Princess Michel Chervachidze, who are coming to live in London. She 's English and divinely fair. He's Georgian, dark and handsome.

AFTER racing, the Polo Club at Bagatelle is the place. In the Bois, it might be in the real country, so fresh is the air, so deep the shade. Joerggen Bagge, Danish player, who is taking his ponies to Deauville, was there with his good-looking wife, whose spotted suit, designed by "dear Edward," was duplicated for Princess Aspasia. Mr. Lloyd-Thomas, the British Minister, father of one of the most flower-like debutantes, looked on because of a sprained shoulder, while Henri Couturié and Rasson, formerly of Mdivani team fame, played.

In front-row seats were the young Sanchez-Cires. She 's the same age as her nieces, Mrs. Ralph Hanké and Mrs. Sydney Tillotson, and he 's the best-looking Argentine of all. They 've taken a villa at Biarritz. I was astonished to find the Comte du Bourg playing as M. Lenotre, and M. Rosenthal as M. First. This causes no astonishment in France, as those en deuil always use alibis.

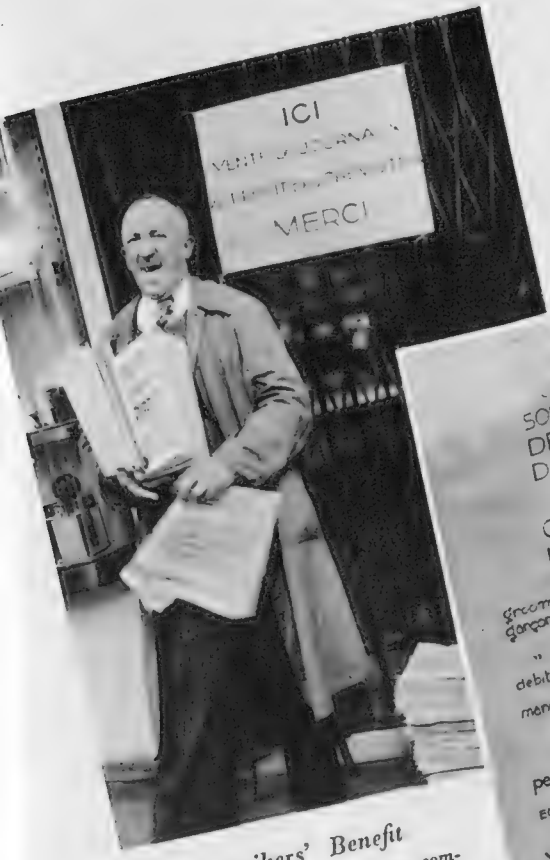
THE Ambassadeurs does well at night, and Florence's was full even during the great grève. I watched Josephine Baker watching her new young rival, Mabel Scott, singing and dancing in a copper dress to match her skin, with white organdie flowers in her blacker-than-night hair. Then someone said "Let 's go to Suzy Solidor's." Suzy 's the original Deauville platinum blonde. Before dinner "everyone" goes to Georges Carpentier's bar—a little tough, gay and successful, like the bar he ran at Cannes last summer. Georges waits beautifully, so it didn't matter when the waiters struck.

The plays in favour are classical. There 's Molière's "Ecole de Femmes"—superb, modern mounting, with Jouvet at his best. and there 's the beautiful Passion Play, given in the open outside Notre Dame—an exquisite production which will be repeated later in the season. Meanwhile the Ballet Jooss flourishes and "everyone" dines at Maxim's. The Ritz leads for lunch, and all roads lead to the Golf Club at St. Cloud around tea time. Now you know the whole summer story, with occasional golf games at Fontainebleau and the great Nuit de Longchamp as bonne bouche. This midnight race-meeting is like a Sam Goldwyn fantasia—rich and strange beyond your wildest dreams.

CHANTILLY in sunshine was fascinating. The atmosphere is very July Meeting, Newmarket, and the clothes are from top hats (Esmond) to bowlers (the Aga), squash hats, no hats, and paper hats on the course.

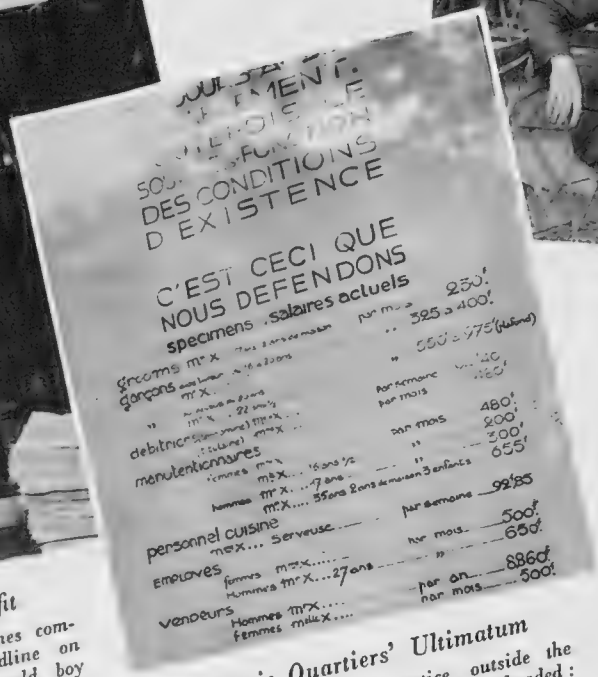
Watching Bagatelle

Señor Enrique Palacios, First Secretary of the Paris, watched polo with M. and Mme. Sanchez-Cires is Mme. Davila de Peña's sister, and her



Strikers' Benefit

"L'évacuation des usines commence" was the headline on the newspapers this old boy was selling; all sales for the benefit of the strikers



Trois Quartiers' Ultimatum

Here is the famous notice outside the Trois Quartiers, which was headed: "To our customers: we shall go on serving you as agreeably as before, but smiles depend on conditions of life"

Right: Comte and Comtesse Louis de Danne were having tea at the Bagatelle Polo Club. The Comtesse was Miss Elizabeth Stone

Polo Tea in the Bois

Jan Kiepura

Has been staying in Paris and was off for a walk. His last film, with Gladys Swarthout, is "Give Us This Night"; it has been running in London as well as Paris

Mid-Strike Lunch-Party

Polo

uguayan Legation in es. Mme. Sanchez- sband is Argentine

Above: Comtesse de Janzé was in a lunch-party with M. Ortez Linares, son-in-law of the Bolivian Ambassador in Paris, and Comte Alex de Catéja, who married the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes' daughter

Right: Mrs. Jack Bergh was wearing an amusing Spanish hat for her outdoor lunch. She was Joan Wood, from Shropshire, before she married her Norwegian husband; they live in Paris

You drive up on the left, because English rules have been law in Chantilly since the first English trainer refused to change his ways. The château of the Grand Condé and its stables bring history near. Americans, like the Parkers and Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, keep open house near the course.

Some of the clothes were lovely, especially in the Tribune des Dames, where I saw the sisters, mothers and daughters of those members of the Jockey Club who were recently threatened in the "Deux Cents Familles" pamphlet. Widely circulated, it discussed with marked disrespect the two hundred families which the Communists intended to exile, or worse. The "victims" joke now, but when it came out they were not at all so nonchalant.

Lady Townshend (née Cahen d'Anvers) was very witty about the situation, and wise, too. She believes that France is "muddling through" in rather a British way this time, and that a spirit of compromise has crept in. Her new flat is most original. I should like to describe the curious use of glass and rare woods, the chinoiseries and the Townshend ancestors, but space is short. SNAP

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Gold Vase; and England v. France

THE competition for the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase, after the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup the most important competition by medal play for amateurs, was played this year over the course of the Ashridge Golf Club in perfect weather conditions for low scoring. J. Ferrier, of the Manly Golf Club, the amateur champion of Australia, won with a score of 139, consisting of rounds of 68 in the morning and 71 in the afternoon. His score is the lowest ever returned in this competition, the previous best being 143, which was returned by Bobby Jones at Sunningdale in 1930 and by R. W. Hartley at Stoke Poges in 1933.

Ferrier's round of 68 was one shot more than perfect golf without flukes, and three more than the score returned by E. H. Chambers, of Beaconsfield, at Ashridge a few years ago. On the day this competition was played there was not a single hole which could not be reached in two shots, and five holes could be reached in one shot.

FERRIER has had a most successful golfing visit here: he has won the Silver Tassie at Gleneagles, in addition to the Gold Vase, both with record scores, and was runner-up in the Amateur Championship. When this issue of the BYSTANDER appears he will be playing in the Open Championship at Hoylake, where I expect him to be not very far from the head of the list.

A. D. LOCKE, of the States Mines Golf Club, South Africa, has also had a successful golfing visit. He has won several minor competitions and broken the record of two or three courses, but he has not, like Ferrier, won against representative fields of amateur golfers.

In the morning Locke looked like equalling Ferrier's score of 68, until he had a grave disaster at the fourteenth hole, where he took eight.

The fourteenth green at Ashridge is a copy of the seventeenth green at St. Andrews, and, like St. Andrews, it has a road running behind it. It is very seldom, when an attempt is made to reproduce a green, that the reproduction is very much like the original; the fourteenth at Ashridge is an exception, as it can be easily recognised. Locke overshot the green and ping-ponged backwards and forwards until he finally holed out in eight.

In April I wrote that the old course at Sunningdale was too easy for play under modern conditions, and thereby aroused the displeasure of several old members of the Sunningdale Golf Club. My criticism has been justified by Locke, who, the day before he played at Ashridge, holed the old course at Sunningdale in 64 strokes. His card read 4, 3, 4, 3, 4, 4, 3, 3, 3 = 31; 5, 3, 3, 4, 4, 3, 4, 3, 4 = 33. It is interesting to note that Locke had a 5 at the tenth hole as when Bobby Jones led the qualifying rounds for the Open Championship in 1926 the tenth hole, in his second round, produced the only 5 on his two cards.

L. O. M. MUNN seems to play better and steadier the older he gets. A few weeks ago he tied for the Prince of Wales Cup at Deal; at Ashridge he returned scores of 70 and 72, and must be considered an unlucky loser, as his score was one stroke better than any previous return in this competition. In his round of 70 his marker said that he played only one shot which was not good.

ON the same day another veteran, Tom Williamson, who is fifty-six, led a field consisting of all the best professional golfers in the country in the qualifying rounds of the *Yorkshire Evening News* Professional Tournament. It is unfortunate that, owing to the excessive length of the courses of the present day, the extremely long walks from greens to tees which are necessary to gain length make it practically impossible for an elderly golfer, however skilful he may be, to win a big tournament. I wrote last week about how high the standard of play was in the Amateur Championship, and the same remark applies to the play at Ashridge. Twenty-six players returned scores of 153 or better. None of our golfers who have been invited to play in the Walker Cup match was among the first twenty-six.

French Captain in English Weather

P. B. Lucas, the Cambridge University and England golfer, held the umbrella over A. Gobert (Chantilly), captain of the French team which was beaten at Deal by the English. Gobert, with de Montgoméry, beat Leonard Crawley and Lucas in their foursome, but the French captain went down to Crawley in the single

P. B. Lucas, who has lately been endeavouring to satisfy the examiners at Cambridge, was obviously short of practice, consequently no notice should be taken of the form he showed in this competition.

England v. France

IN a six-a-side match by singles and foursomes England beat France on the links of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club at Deal by 5 matches to 4, with one single and one foursome halved. Two of the English team, H. G. Bentley and P. B. Lucas, have been invited to play in the Walker Cup match at Pine Valley in September. It is certainly not a good omen for our chances of success at Pine Valley for Bentley and Lucas to gain only 1½ points for their side out of a possible four. Bentley, who had to thank his putting to a very large extent for his success in the English Championship on the same links, lost his match against M. Carlhian, the native champion of France, chiefly because he putted badly and feebly. It is extraordinary how often the best putters have days when they cannot get the ball into the hole.

E. F. Storey, who putted a better player in L. G. Crawley out of the Amateur Championship this year, lost the next day because he missed several short putts. On the ninth green, in his match against Crawley, he had some practice putts as there was a delay, and suddenly said, "I have got it; I have had the ball too far forward"; and got it he certainly had, for, coming home, he putted like a demon, and only required a total of nine putts on eight greens, and holed one of nearly twenty yards to win the eighteenth hole in 3 and with it the match.

André Gobert, whom it used to be a real delight to watch play lawn tennis only a few years ago, captained the French team and played a captain's part, as he won his foursome and was only beaten 3 and 2 by Crawley in his single. Crawley, who was a long way ahead off the tee, is playing extremely well at the present time and was the best singles player on the English side.

More Frenchmen and Englishmen at Deal

T. J. Thirsk (Bridlington) and R. Charrier (St. Germain), left; Francis Francis (Sunningdale) and J. Bourin (Tours), right. The Englishmen both won their singles, Thirsk by one hole, Francis by five and four; together they halved with Charrier and Bourin in the foursomes

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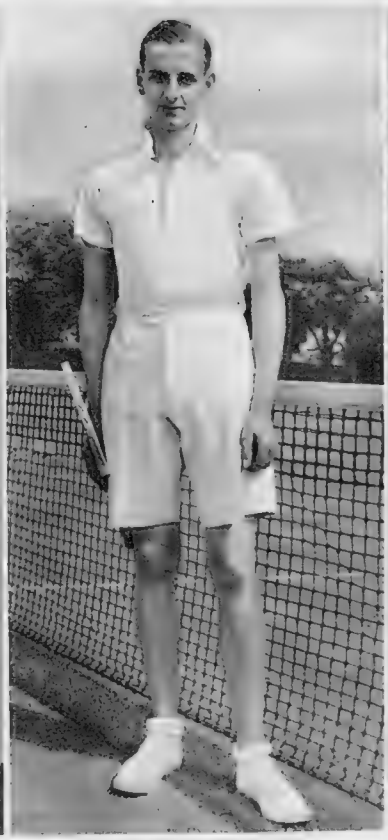
On Their Way

Some Young Wimbledon Players With Reputations in the Making

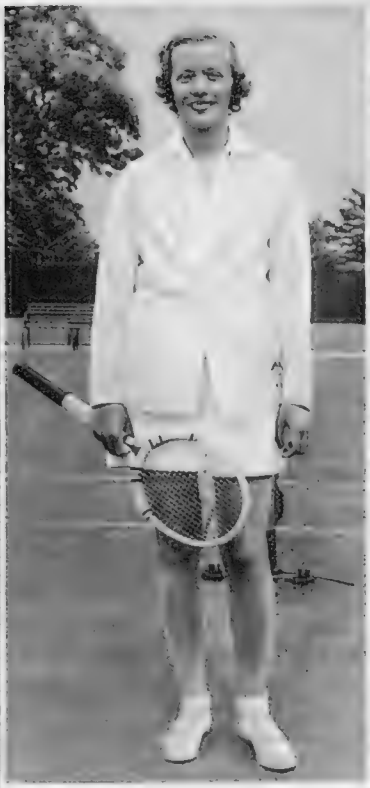
Bernard Destremeau

Is a Wimbledon newcomer, partners Boussus in the Doubles; was Junior Champion of France two years ago, played for France in the Davis Cup singles this month, beat France's three leading players at Le Touquet, and Austin at Auteuil



Eric Filby

An English Wimbledon newcomer for Singles and Doubles (with D. J. Cook); a Surrey player, looks like "Bunny" Austin; Perry thinks him so promising that he has twice taken him as partner on tours this summer in Belgium and the north of England



Mrs. John van Ryn

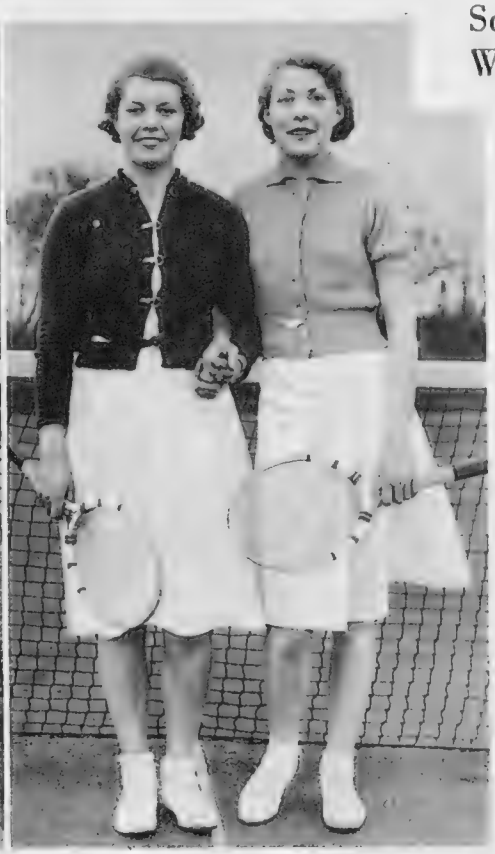
American Wightman Cup player; a possible Doubles finalist, either with her husband in the Mixed or Miss Carolin Babcock, her Wightman Cup partner; an exceptionally fine volleyer

Fräulein M. L. Horn

Now Germany's leading woman player since Fräuleins Krahwinkel and Aussem became Danish and Italian by marriage; is playing with Señorita Lizana and K. Lund in the Doubles

Miss Dickin and Miss O'Connell

Nancy Dickin and Pat O'Connell have both been accepted for the first time for Singles and Doubles; Miss Dickin was Girl Champion of Great Britain two years ago



Miss Jarvis and Miss Brown

Rita Jarvis and Nina Brown are young Middlesex players playing in Wimbledon Singles and Doubles for the first time; as doubles partners have defeated several well-known pairs

Brian Grant and Hal Surface

American newcomers; Brian Grant is a seeded player, ranked third in U.S.A., comes from Georgia; Hal Surface is champion of the Middle West, plays with I. G. Collins in the Doubles

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes

Turnberry (Chapter Two)

By Eleanor E. Helme

The Winners Receive the "Bystander" Cups and Replicas

Captain Oliver Hughes-Onslow, captain of the Turnberry Golf Club, presented the "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes trophies to Miss M. W. Robertson-Durham (Gullane) and Miss Helen Nimmo (Falkirk Tryst), who won the event by beating Miss Phyllis Wade and Miss Julia Hill at the nineteenth hole

DEAR BYSTANDER,

You know the old rhyme—

Oh, sing not to me of the shamrock and rose,
Though with pride their countrymen bristle,
For each one of these may be sat on with ease,
But there's no man can sit on the thistle.

Nor woman, either. That precisely describes how and why Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Nimmo won the Scottish Foursomes Never did a couple look more beaten than they at the tenth hole in the final, but they simply would not be sat upon. After all, the Scottish Champion does wear a gold thistle during holdership : need one say more ?

MISS WADE and Miss Hill had to give ten strokes in the semi-final, and seeing all the famous scalps which Mrs. Quintin McCall and Mrs. J. Paterson had to their credit, they must have felt a certain trepidation about their own. However, on the outward half they managed to win all the holes where there was no stroke to give, one of those where there was, and halved another, with the result they turned 3 up.

Mrs. McCall and Mrs. Paterson were fighting grandly, but naturally they were less hardened to the strain and stress of battle, and things did not go any too kindly for them, though they never gave up trying, and both of them showed how well they could get out of trouble when they found it. They won the tenth, got a half at the eleventh, where there was no stroke, but then were dealt a couple of cruel blows by two successive threes, the first of them because Miss Wade, who had played the wooden shots magnificently all the week, put one of them to within five yards of the twelfth pin and Miss Hill rolled in the putt. The Turnberry pair got back a hole with their stroke at the fourteenth, and Mrs. McCall very nearly holed a long putt to win the fifteenth ; but at the sixteenth they had to play short of the burn for their second. Miss Wade's was safely at the foot of the bank up to that most elusive green, and she finished the match by holing a four-yard putt for a 4.

The Prize-Winners : Semi-Finalists, Runners-up and Winners

Turnberry prize-winners : (back) Miss Mervyn Barton and Mrs. Walter Greenlees, who lost to the winners in the semi-final round ; Mrs. Q. M. McCall and Mrs. J. Paterson, who lost to the runners-up in the semi-final round ; (front, centre) Miss Robertson-Durham and Miss Julia Hill, the winners ; (outside) Miss Phyllis Wade and (right) Miss Julia Hill, the runners-up

IN the other semi-final everybody was overcome with admiration of the beauty of the golfing swing as swung by Miss Mervyn Barton and Mrs. Greenlees. But they were equally impressed by the putting of Miss Nimmo and Miss Robertson-Durham ; and, after all, though style is an amazing stand-by in a crisis, it is the putts which do count to an extent which seems out of all proportion. The Scottish pair only needed one of them at the first and second, and so won them both in 4. The general opinion and standard of Miss Robertson-Durham's putting may be gauged by the fact that the entry in my notebook at the third hole is : "Robertson-Durham missed 2½-yarder." However, Mrs. Greenlees' one of half the distance went in and out again, so that was a half. Her side won the next two and halved the seventh, but it was the Scots who won the eighth, ninth, and tenth, and who holed a longish putt at the eleventh after Miss Barton's had gone in and out for a 3. With fourteen holes played, Miss Robertson-Durham's side was 3 up, then a perfect 3 and 4 from the opposition brought down the lead to one, and with Miss Nimmo all in amongst the roses at the seventeenth and her partner bunkered, it looked as if there was going to be a last-green finish ; but Miss Barton's drive was bunkered, and eventually Miss Robertson-Durham holed a beautiful putt for the hole and the match, 2 and 1. Her side had given one stroke.

WHEN Miss Wade and Miss Hill started out to give one stroke in the afternoon in the final, they had already given 47. If they could have done it it would have been a most amazing triumph, comparable

"Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry *(Continued)*

only to the year when Miss Fowler and Miss Lobbett gave 50 at Southport and Ainsdale and won the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes in spite of it. The English pair seemed to be doing it without the slightest trouble for Miss Nimmo, with the exception of a beautiful iron at the second, was certainly destructive, and putts did not quite drop for Miss Robertson-Durham, and the upshot was that the English pair turned 3 up, the chief incidents being—apart from Miss Wade's always excellent brassey shots—Miss Hill's good third at the sixth and excellent putts from her there and at the eighth. Perhaps the field-mouse which kept the crowd spellbound at the seventh, and the lark at the ninth ought also to be included.

At the tenth Miss Wade played what many rightly adjudged the shot of the week—a really magnificent wooden second to within five yards of the tenth. I fancy that people will still be talking of that shot when the Ladies' Open comes here next spring. The hole is 440 yards, and neither the lie of the ground nor the bunkers give the player any help—far from it.

Then a sudden change came over the scene, and Scottish supporters who had most chivalrously clapped Miss Wade and Miss Hill now began to feel that there was something far more worth while clapping—a real rally by their own pair.

ENGLAND was bunkered at the eleventh, bushed at the twelfth, took three putts at the thirteenth, where Miss Robertson-Durham showed what she could do out of trouble: and so a match which had seemed as good as over had become extremely alive. England won the fourteenth with a grand recovery from Miss Hill, but it was Scotland who took the fifteenth in 3 and the sixteenth in 4, and the match at long last was square. Up came England again, though, at the seventeenth, holing it in a very perfect 4, and that was dormy to England. They played the eighteenth appallingly, the one bright spot Miss Wade's fine iron: Scotland, making no mistake, were home in two, and out we dashed to the nineteenth, wondering how far we should go, and whether cars had better be starting for the twenty-first. The nineteenth hole showed everybody to be a trifle shaky, but Miss Robertson-Durham, as a reigning champion should, ran up a good approach putt, and Miss Nimmo, as a possible champion-to-be, holed it, and that was a mighty popular victory. Captain Hughes-Onslow presented the cups and prizes with delightful brevity. I had to be a little long-winded, because we do really want to know whether competitors had liked the plan of seeding the lowest handicap couples or not. A certain amount of criticism had come back to me in the course of the week. However, the show of hands was absolutely unanimous, and perhaps we had better consider whether the eight lowest handicap pairs in all our future foursomes should not be distributed in as many sections of the draw.

THERE was one big miss at Turnberry—no holders. So it was good news that came through day by day of Miss Newell and Miss Cradock-Hartopp doing so well at Aldeburgh in the Midlands Championship, qualifying respectively first and second with 157 and 160, eventually Miss Newell beating Miss Hartopp 5 and 4 in the semi-final and then going on to win the final 2 up from Miss Enid Pears, who, you remember, was runner-up to Miss Jessie Anderson in the Girls' Championship.

Nor was Miss Rieben there this year, being busy defending the Welsh title at Prestatyn. She went out to the discovery of the week, Miss Thompson, of Royal Porthcawl, but the title stayed in the family, after all, for Mrs. Rieben avenged her daughter in the thirty-six-hole final by winning 2 and 1.

I MUSTN'T linger over these things I didn't see if you are to hear briefly of Scottish Championship doings at Turnberry, which I did see. The Eglinton Quaich, a perfect morning, Troon winning it with Mrs. Holm 79, Mrs. Greenlees 79, Miss McCulloch 80, and Mrs. Coats 83=321. Mrs. J. B. Watson the best individual score with 76, two below par, which helped Murrayfield to win the Grainger Cup under handicap, as Troon could not take both trophies. Mrs. Mercer won the first handicap. The individual score competition another perfect day, three 78's, one of which gave Mrs. Greenlees the Margaret Scouler Buchanan Trophy for scratch aggregate, another Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery the scratch prize for the day, and only the third, Miss M. J. Couper, got nothing out of her splendid effort, the handicap going to Mrs. Percy, with Miss Forrest second.

The early stages of the Championship itself were chiefly made up of triumphs for Miss Jessie Anderson and Mrs. Holm: twice

Mrs. A. J. E. Steven (Hilton Park), Mrs. T. L. Burnside (Ranfurly Castle) and Mrs. Sam Mitchell (Ranfurly Castle). Mrs. Burnside and Mrs. Mitchell met Mrs. Steven, who played with Mrs. Peat, in the first round

in three rounds did Miss Anderson need no more than ten holes to win; once she took the bus back to warmth and shelter out of the rain; the fourth time she was heroically held by Mrs. Rowatt Brown (who was a BYSTANDER semi-finalist one year as Miss Crawford), and only got home by a brilliant finish. The pity was that she should meet Mrs. Holm so early as "last eight," for that player, too, was making a pleasant habit of the thirties out, of holing niblicks and all the other things which she did when winning the Scottish here six years ago.

Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery started the week well, beating two fellow ex-Scottish champions in Miss Nan Baird and Mrs. Watson; Miss Couper, Miss Betty Henderson, Miss Doris Park, Miss Jean McLintock, and last, but by a very long way not least, the holder, Miss Robertson-Durham, also came through, with the wonder of her short game more and more the talk of Turnberry.

I will describe the two last days, and Miss Doris Park's win, next week.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Mrs. Pearcy (Kilmalcolm) and Mrs. Campbell Ker (West Kilbridie), who were beaten in the fourth round by Mrs. Greenlees and Miss Mervyn Barton

Miss Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), who, with Miss Isa Anderson, fell to the semi-finalists, Mrs. McCall and Mrs. Paterson, in the fifth round; she is with Mrs. James McDowall

Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery (Elie and Earlsferry) and Miss S. A. Walker (Dunbar), who reached the fifth round, to be beaten by the runners-up, Miss Wade and Miss Hill

"Bystander" Ladies' Foursomes

The Scottish at Turnberry

Mrs. W. T. Mackay (Turnberry), Mrs. John McFadjean (Troon), Miss J. Crawford (Drumberg), and Mrs. J. Cameron (St. Nicholas) were grouped round the course ranger, A. Miller

Mrs. A. S. Rodger (Greenock), Mrs. A. R. Gray (Whitecraigs), Mrs. J. W. Galloway (Greenock), and Miss D. M. Carlyle (Greenock), who met in the first round

Mrs. E. A. Martin (Hilton Park), Miss M. E. Burnett (Haggs Castle), Miss B. B. Walker (Troon), and Miss M. M. B. Mitchell (Balmore), who met in the first round

Above: Miss Audrey Holmes and Mrs. Iorns (Thorndon Park), who "had been playing beautifully." They were beaten in the third round by the runners-up

Left: Miss Nell Forest (Bishopbriggs), Miss M. Howie (Ranfurly Castle), Miss J. Clark and Miss Yvonne Gray (Troon) all got byes into the second round

Right: Miss J. M. Campbell and Mrs. R. Houston Rowan (Greenock), Miss Jean McCulloch (West Kilbride), and Miss Porteous. The Greenock pair met Mrs. Baird and Mrs. Rintoul in the first round

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Arabia Felix : By Alan Thomas

All who read Miss Freya Stark's first book, *The Valleys of the Assassins*, know what a very bright particular star has risen in that part of the literary firmament illuminated by those who both travel and write. Miss Stark's second book, *The Southern Gates of Arabia* (Murray ; 16s.), is a worthy successor. In a memorable introduction she explains how, last year, yielding to her passion for roads and rivers, she set out alone to find the great frankincense road "whose faint remembrance still gives to South Arabia the name of Happy." The key of the incense trade lay in the cliff-bordered valley of Hadhramaut, whose capital, Shabwa, with its sixty temples, "could open or lock from its single gateway the sluices that fed the great commercial road." But Miss Stark very nearly did not live to tell the tale of her travels ; for when she was within three days' journey of Shabwa, the city where no Infidel has ever set foot, she became so gravely ill that but for the advent of an R.A.F. 'plane, which took her to Aden, she would probably have died.

Because she did not reach her delectable city she describes her book as "mostly a record of failure." To me it seems a story of splendid achievement. Unarmed, accompanied only by a few Beduins, her baggage on donkeys, she travelled through parts of Arabia where a white woman had never before ventured alone, and she writes of her experiences with such brilliance and wit, such vividness and beauty, that the whole book is an enchantment to read.

Miss Stark's illness was not a result of the strange foods she had to eat—rotted shark was among them — nor of the mediæval sanitation of the houses in which she stayed, but of measles contracted in a harem, where the remedy for this disease is a hot iron applied to the neck !

Whether she is writing of the ancient cities built of mud or the social customs of Arabian villages, her lovely, tranquil prose presents the essence of her subject. Not a little of her success was due to her capacity for making friends, whether with sultans, soldiers or slaves. She quotes a delightful testimonial given her by three of her guides when they left her service : they justly describe her as "mistress of endurance and fortitude in travel and in the suffering of terrors and danger." Miss Stark's pen-pictures are supplemented by a number of magnificent photographs.

Under the rather heavy title of *Education before Verdun* (Secker ; 8s. 6d.) Arnold Zweig, the author of *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, has now given us the case of Sergeant Kroysing. It is a long book in the same literary tradition as *Grischa*, and having read it I feel replete, as I did once after a lengthy public banquet in Berlin. I also feel depressed : for I found more disillusionment than hope in the pages of this book. Not that *Education before Verdun* is merely another war book. It is more than that. "More lies will be told about this war than any other shooting match. The survivors must tell the truth." And the truth is that we "must be made to reject the current coin of patriotism and the glories of war." Yet there is an inextinguishable desire for justice implanted in the minds of men. How then is justice to be achieved ? By the eradication of nationalism ? By the overthrow of capitalism ? By denial of the use of force—the act of striking down and silencing the victim ? Or is it by using force for the general welfare ? These issues form part of the theme that is orchestrated by the guns of Verdun.

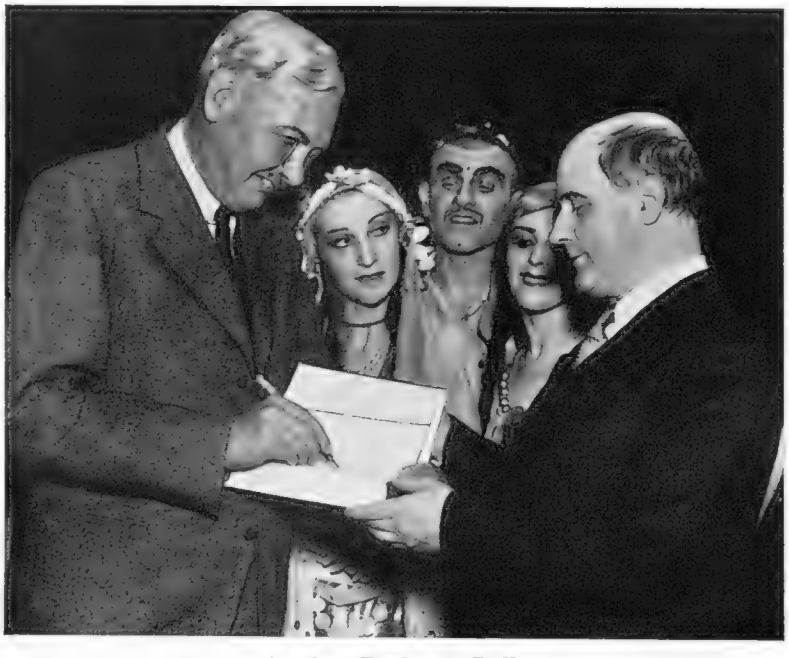
From the moment when Private Bertin, of the German A.S.C., gave a French prisoner a swig from his cooking-pot, he had fraternised with the enemy and was a marked man. And the fact that he was a Jew did not help him. Chance threw him in with Sergeant Kroysing, who had been the victim of injustice and who now told his story to Bertin and entrusted to him a letter setting out the facts. Kroysing is killed and his brother, who is an officer, takes up the case, enlisting Bertin's help as an important witness. The villain of the piece, according to Lieutenant Kroysing, is Captain Niggl, and the feud between the two men forms one of the main strands of the plot.

The story and its ramifications wind their way among the hostilities, injustices and jealousies of men. Generosity and disinterested action find little outlet save in the case of Bertin, a pathetic figure who learnt only from experience and was usually taken in.

The book is rich in characterisation and incident, and though the style in places is ponderous, there is little dull reading. The dominant note is one of fierce disillusionment. In the dying words of little Sergeant Süssmann, "Tell my parents that it was worth while : and tell Sergeant Kroysing that it wasn't : it was a bloody fraud from beginning to end." But there are passages of rare beauty.

The translator, Mr. Eric Sutton, has achieved his difficult task, not brilliantly, but well.

Anyone with a sweet tooth and an interest in women's dress will enjoy Godfrey Winn's *Communion on Earth* (Cassell ; 7s. 6d.). It is about twins, Julian and Juliet, who were far too fond of one another to be happy with anyone else. Each has unsuccessful love-affairs, and Juliet ultimately marries, but one gathers her husband will play second fiddle to her brother. Mr. Winn has made his twins a credible and attractive pair. Julian was a dress-designer of genius ; Juliet was his mannequin, and there are some expert descriptions of Julian's creations. It is all done with the easiest touch and is as light and sweet as an éclair



Another Book on Ballet

The book is "The Birth of Ballets-Russes," it came out last week, and its author, Prince Peter Lieven, presented a copy of it to Fokine at the Alhambra one evening. The book is a history of ballet from 1909 to 1914, the peak years of Fokine's work for Diaghileff

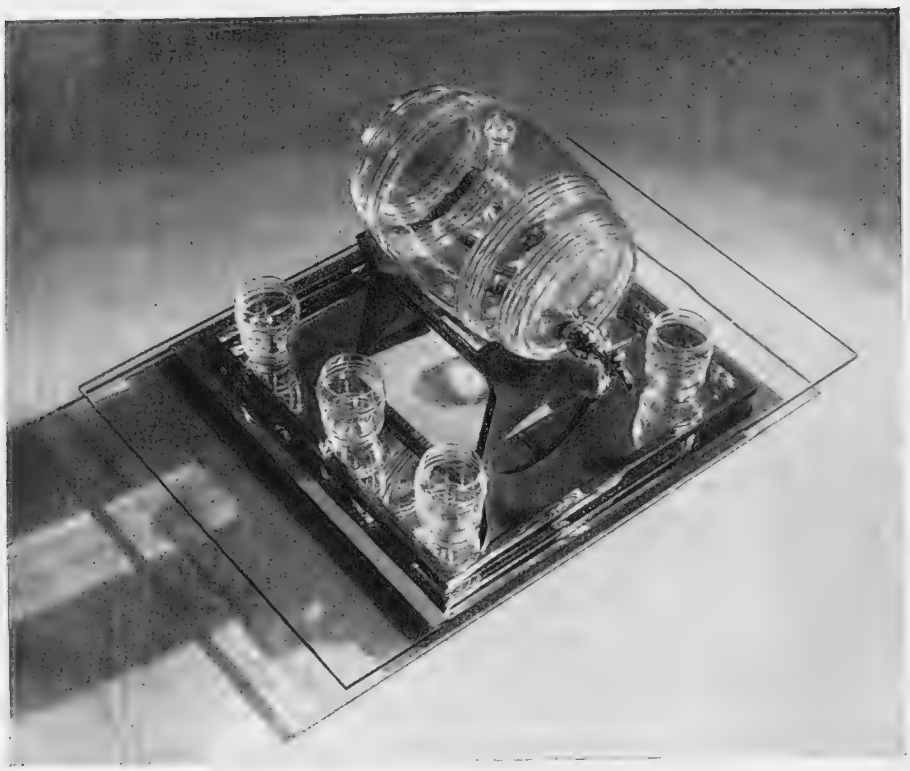
In the castle of Lany, near Prague, two men conversed. One was a great biographical portraitist : the other a statesman of world-wide reputation. The result of their talks is a book entitled *Defender of Democracy* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson ; 15s.), wherein Emil Ludwig asks questions and President Masaryk replies. At a moment when democracy can do no better than arm itself to the teeth what does the future hold for us ? It is a question no man can answer, but there are few men whose opinions on what ought to be done are worthier of attention than the grand old man who is now an emeritus professor in the political laboratory known as Europe. This is a fascinating book of profound interest to anyone who is not—in the classical sense of the word—an idiot.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Summer prints have never been more varied, and offer great scope for originality. Amusing designs with aeroplanes, straw hats, postage stamps, and farmyard animals are scattered over silken fabrics, either black, white, or brightly coloured. A striking print is seen in the ensemble on the right, which comes from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street, and costs 12½ guineas. The coat is carried out in navy blue taffeta cloque, patterned with knaves, queens, and kings. It is cut with a flare and lantern sleeves, while silk piqué is used for the white cravat and skirt, the latter slim and straight, with a pleat in front

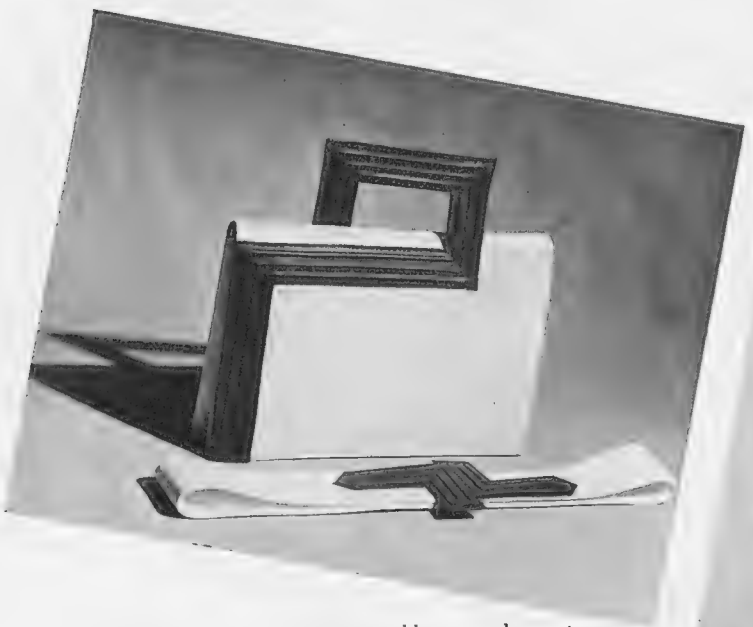
What To Give And Where To Get It



The gift department at Simpson's, Piccadilly, is a happy refuge for both men and women, as it is teeming with suggestions and the prices are very moderate. A delightful wedding present in the shape of a barrel sherry set is seen above. It is obtainable with either six or twelve glasses, and stands on a decorative tray

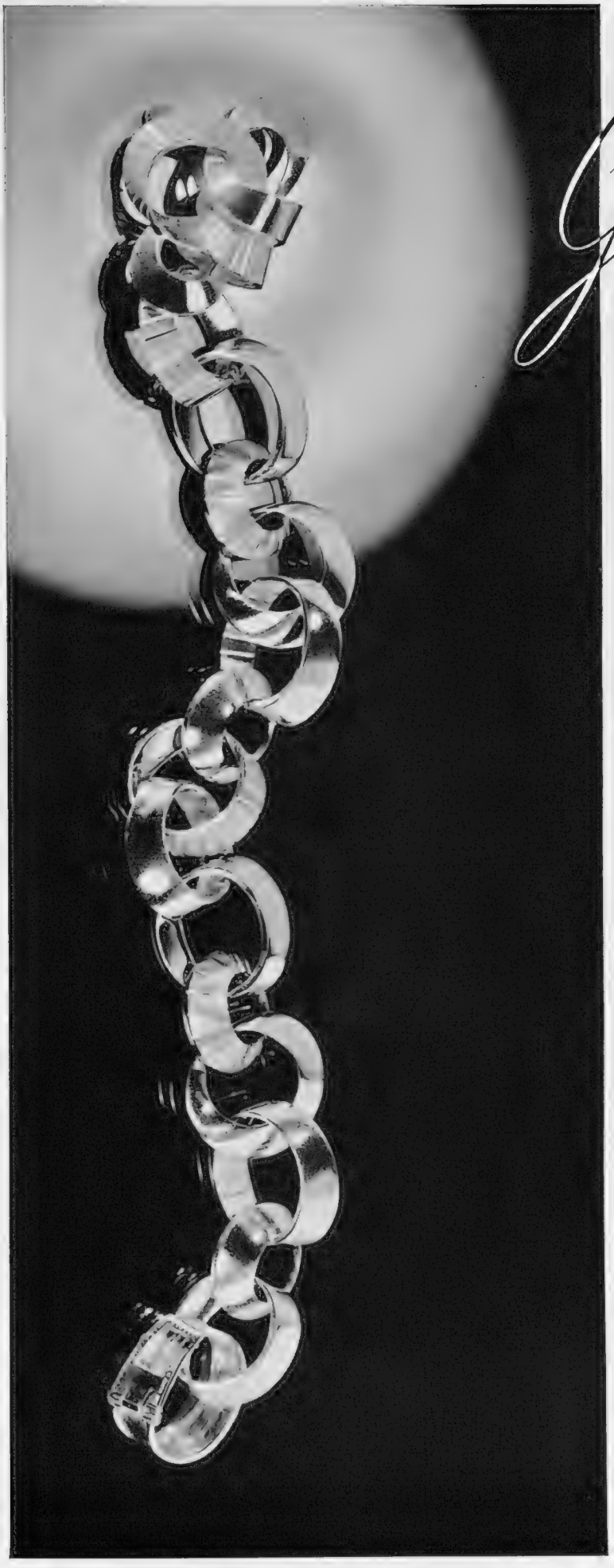
An adjustable reading-lamp with a pigskin stand and copper-tinted shade is something for a wife to give her husband. It only costs 49s. 6d., and is essentially practical as well as ornamental. A cigarette-box has been designed to go with it

What could be nicer than this gaily-coloured tennis scarf from Simpson's, printed with a racket and balls against a background of green? It is made of cotton georgette and costs a guinea



Accessories are always acceptable, so why not choose this blue and white handbag in polished calf with a belt to match? Or again, a real, live puppy from the Dog's Corner, where a joyful chorus of young voices bark "Welcome to Simpson's"

There is something very special about this travelling case in black seal, as it is designed in such a way that the contents are always upright. Lined with gold moiré and fitted with enamel-topped bottles, it costs five guineas. An ideal coming-of-age gift



Gold chute

The Gold Chute, a chain of various-sized gold links, some plain, some engraved, with clips at either end, is a new Van Cleef & Arpels ornament which can be worn in many ways. As a belt-motif, necklace or bracelet, the Gold Chute would make any smart frock look smarter, while, in the evening, its graceful cascade of light can be used as a shoulder strap or to accentuate a drapery or décolleté.

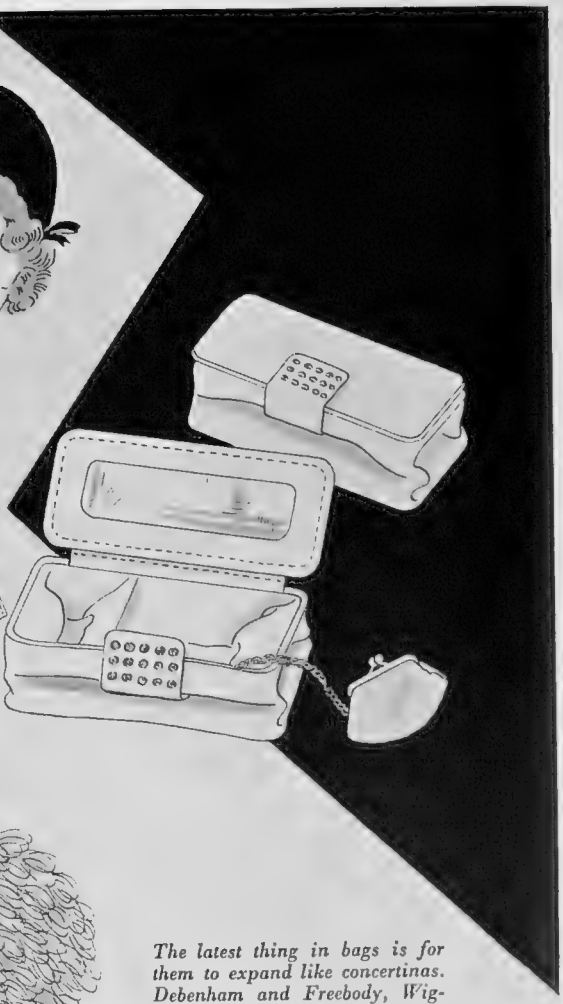
VAN CLEEF & ARPELS

Jewellers

22 Place Vendôme, Paris

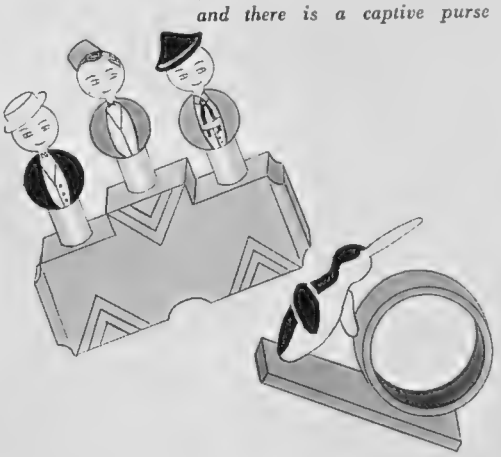
THE BYSTANDER TWINS in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by peta
pictured by pean



The latest thing in bags is for them to expand like concertinas. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, are showing the one sketched above, in white peccary calf, lined with faille. The lid contains a mirror, and there is a captive purse

An external folding purse and looking-glass suitable for powder or loose change is the characteristic feature of this calf pochette from Debenham and Freebody. It is companioned by an evening bag for 18s. 9d. worked with numerous loops of silk fringe



Since corks have a troublesome way of breaking at the critical moment, it is wise to have a spare set like the trio seen above with painted figureheads. They cost 1s. 11½d. at Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, while the penguin table-napkin ring is only 1s.

Diaphanous chiffon printed with bold flowers in many lovely colours makes this distinctive cape from Liberty's, Regent Street. It is softly shirred round the neck, and flows gracefully with every movement. The price is only 39s. 6d., and there are a variety of designs

Nothing looks smarter with a plain frock or suit than bright accessories. Gauntlet gloves and a scarf in printed crêpe de Chine are seen on the left. They come from Liberty's, and cost 25s. 3d.

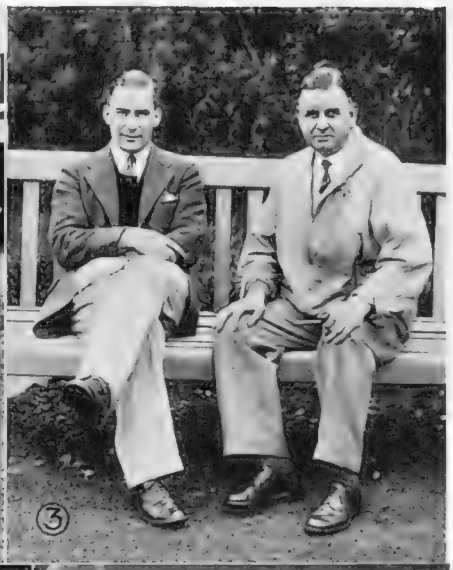
Dinner on the terrace of the Summer Sporting Club

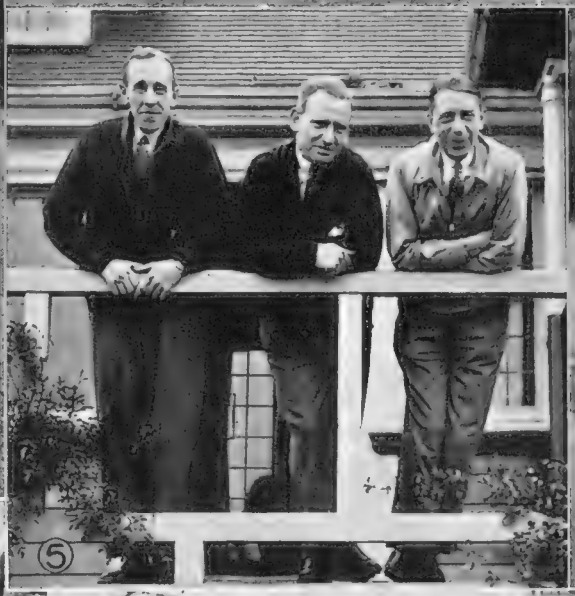
SUMMER SPORTING CLUB Smartest and most amusing place on Riviera to dine, dance or gamble in the open air ★ BEACH RESTAURANT overlooks swimming pool with view straight out to sea—ideal for luncheon ★ COUNTRY CLUB twenty-one hard tennis courts—home of international championships ★ MONT AGEL GOLF CLUB eighteen-hole course seven thousand feet up—always refreshing breezes ★ BATHING in pool and sea—motor-boats and water-ski-ing. ★ MONTE CARLO GIRLS cabaret every evening at Summer Sporting Club—incomparable feux d'artifice *★ BEACH HOTELS only a stone's throw from sea and Sporting Club ★ PENSION TOURNANTE visitors enjoy wide choice of places to eat.*

Monte Carlo Beach

Golf Clubs at Home

Handsworth, Birmingham





(1) Sir Francis Pepper (president) and A. E. Mainwaring (ex-captain). (2) R. N. Edwards (hon. secretary), E. A. Edwards (chairman) and Stafford Mantle (captain). (3) L. R. Lloyd (captain of second team) and H. P. Drinkwater (ex-captain and ex-chairman). (4) Councillor Canning (ex-chairman) and H. R. Wright (ex-captain). (5) E. Hollis, Dr. R. A. Forsyth and Dr. B. O. Hillman. (6) A. Melville Cave and J. L. Holmes (chairman of green committee). (7) Alan Brigg (ex-captain) and A. McKewan. (8) W. D. Jackson and J. D. White. (9) Carl Bretherton and H. R. Mantin (professional)

Big Air Events at Hendon and Hatfield

By Charles Ward

Charles E. Brown

On guard at Alexandria. Hawker "Ospreys" which have been catapulted from battle-cruisers of the Mediterranean Fleet, photographed in formation over the Eastern Harbour

A Thrilling Spectacle

FULL details of the Display at Hendon are not known a week before the event; the R.A.F. very wisely keeps a few surprises up its sleeve—or should I say, hidden behind a cloud?—until the full-dress rehearsal. Certain individual items have been performed already, and these give a very fair idea that the spectacle will be even more thrilling than in previous years. Two of the most exciting numbers are old favourites; "Say it with Smoke" and the Low Flying Attack on an unruly tribe or something, both carried out by Bristol "Bulldogs" with much hearty crackling of Jupiter engines. Radio telephony is being more extensively used this year; four of the events will be broadcast from the air direct to spectators, so that one will hear the actual words of command whilst manœuvres are taking place at high speed. The radio set carried by a Fighter has a power of about one quarter that of an ordinary electric lamp, yet it is possible for one pilot to speak to another, although each is sitting a few feet from an open exhaust from 1000 horse-power and in a slip-stream blowing at twice hurricane force. The B.B.C. running commentary will be given as usual by Wing-Commander Helmore, whose vivid powers of description and ready wit make the show of interest to millions of people who cannot go to Hendon.

Auxiliaries Take Prominent Place

A SPECIAL tribute has been paid to the Auxiliary Air Force by selecting No. 604 County of Middlesex Fighter Squadron to give the demonstration of air drill on Saturday, this having being done in the past by a Regular unit. Members of the Squadron, which is under the command of Sq.-Ldr. C. P. Gabriel, are engaged throughout the week in civil occupations and therefore it is particularly creditable that their standard of flying is high enough to compare favourably with that of full-time personnel. The two London squadrons of the Auxiliaries are on parade in the Set Piece, the last item on the programme. A dive bombing attack on a power station will be made by No. 601, flying Hawker "Harts." This method of attack at a speed of more than 300 miles an hour, has not previously been demonstrated to the public at the Display. Tickets for the event can be obtained from all the usual agencies and clubs; also from the Display office at Hendon. The programme is carried out irrespective of weather, but as a rule the day is fine, and smoked glasses are much in demand to appreciate the finer points of flying. The proceeds, of course, go to Service charities.

On board Mr. C. R. Fairey's motor-yacht Evadne. From left to right: Mr. R. Fairey, Mr. "Dick" Fairey himself, Flight-Lieut. J. Lawson, and Flight-Lieut. Massey Hilton. This picture was taken off the Isle of Wight during one of our few sunny week-ends

Racing News

FOR the King's Cup Race at Hatfield there are 28 entries, the aircraft being the products of only six firms out of the possible number of twenty-three that comprise the Society of British Aircraft Constructors. Even more striking is the fact that only one engine firm is represented—every 'plane in the race has a Gipsy engine, built to Major Frank Halford's design by de Havilland's. The conditions of the race encourage neither speed as such, nor any other particular quality except the ability of an engine to stand full throttle for a thousand-odd miles, and the skill of the pilots in finding their way around England if the weather happens to be really bad. In spite of all this, the race will be interesting, as there are several new types in the air, competing for the principal honours. Captain W. L. Hope, a previous winner, will fly one of the new Double Eagles from Hanworth, and Flight-Lieut. Wilson, the firm's test pilot, has charge of the other one, entered by Lord Willoughby de Broke. The Dragonfly from Hatfield will be flown by Capt. de Havilland himself, a pretty good effort for a designer-pilot who has been in and out of the air for more than twenty-six years. The Dragonfly is finding a ready market amongst those who can afford a miniature air liner for touring. Lord Beaverbrook is one of the most recent owners; he has cleared a private aerodrome on his country estate so that the 'plane can bring him to the door. Mrs. Amy Mollison is flying a B.A. "Eagle," and her entry will, no doubt, contribute a good deal to general public interest in the event. There is one Indian competitor—Lt. D. Misri Chand, who will fly his own Vega Gull. Arrangements for the race to South Africa are proceeding rapidly. The late entry date at the Royal Aero Club is August 15th. The first prize of £4000 will be awarded for speed and there are four other substantial sums for the handicap section.

Summer Sport *(Continued from page 555)*

and they have suffered grievously from injuries. Wazir Ali, L. P. Jai and V. M. Merchant, three of their best and most reliable batsmen, have been out of action for long spells. All are fit again now, and I advise you to suspend judgment until you have seen them in action at Lord's. At full strength, I assure you, All India are dangerous. Amar Singh, Jehangir Khan, C. K. Nayudu, the spin-bowler who has just arrived—these players will make a difference. And you will find that Mahommed Nissar is a real fast bowler, who bangs the ball down with the authentic fire and more hostility than anyone in England.

THE England selectors, indeed, are in Queer Street through no fault of their own. They have no outstanding bowler who may properly be called fast. Allen does his best, and men like Nichols and Gover are triers, while Copson and Perks and their like are little more than fast medium. Remember, too, that Price, of Middlesex, faced Copson and Perks for two and a quarter hours in the Trial match without the slightest trouble—a significant fact. We have no tear-away bowlers in the grand tradition. Larwood was the last of them, and I am inclined to think that he is still the best of our quicker men. At least he has control, and wicket-keepers will tell you how fast the ball comes through when he is bowling.

We have no slow spinners in the Grimmett class, though Robins will bowl the unplayable ball among much inaccurate stuff.

I doubt very much whether many of our bowlers really slip themselves in county cricket. They do not produce that extra ounce of energy and determination which turns the ball from an inanimate object into a living menace. Remember how Maurice Tate made them fizz off the ground—think of his gusto, his astonishment that any batsman could resist him! We need more Maurice Tates in modern cricket.

AND how about the captaincy? With inflexible determination the selectors have appointed G. O. Allen to lead England on Saturday. Well, good luck to him, for he is a fine all-rounder and a great enthusiast. He may justify the selectors' faith and prove himself a first-rate captain. We do not know yet, and it would be unjust to criticise him before he has had a fair run. He was not altogether impressive in the Trial match, but then he has had barely any experience of captaincy. I only suggest that if he is to lead the M.C.C team in Australia he should somehow be given every opportunity to increase his experience. In the meanwhile there are other candidates, and Maurice Turnbull, of Glamorgan, must have put his stock up with a bump when he made that hundred for the South. It would be interesting to see Turnbull leading the Gentlemen against the Players.

AS to boxing: the result of the Louis-Schmeling fight is not through as I write, or I should like to make a few observations on that subject. Still, I cannot believe that the result will be startling. My only regret at the moment is that opponents for Jack Petersen are so scarce; the fight that he has arranged against Ben Foord at Leicester is financially satisfactory, but if Foord beats Petersen we may as well despair of British heavy-weight boxing.

ATHLETICS hold more consolation for us, and beyond doubt we have several potential winners in the Olympic Games. Early in July the A.A.A championships take place, and our leading performers are working up towards their best form. Among several remarkable runners we may note particularly A. G. K. Brown, who regards the 120 yards as a pipe-opener for the quarter, and appears to be our best man at both distances. His feats at the White City recently are still fresh in the memory. He won the 100 and then went on to win the quarter in 48·3 seconds, beating that great runner G. L. Rampling in the process. It is true that he had the inside lane, while Rampling was on the outside, and Rampling has beaten 48·3 before now. We must remember also that the American, Eastman, has the world's record of 46·4 seconds, made in California, very much to his credit, but with three such expert quarter-milers as Brown, Rampling and W. Roberts at our disposal the Union Jack may well be flown after the quarter final in Berlin. Then Lovelock's three miles was significant—what a perfect and effortless mover he is, and how intelligently he runs his race! It is quite possible that, following the great Nurmi's example, he will lengthen his distance as time goes on, and we may yet see him an Olympic three-mile champion.

IT is only in the field events that our material is poor. We cannot put shots or hurl javelins or leap with poles or throw hammers, and I don't worry about it overmuch, though the fact gives the utmost pain to scientifically-minded athletic reformers. Anyway, we need not worry about the shot. America have that in the bag. I was told the other day of an American shot-putter, whose name I cannot remember, a gentleman who weighs over twenty stone. This professor habitually flicks the shot well over fifty feet, and he enfolds it in his enormous hands as if it were a cricket ball. As a phenomenon this is interesting, but as a branch of sport it seems to me negligible. It reduces the affair to a raree show, and there should be a fair-ground barker with a megaphone inviting passers-by to step up and see the performance. And if he interjected a few remarks about the fat lady we should not be surprised.

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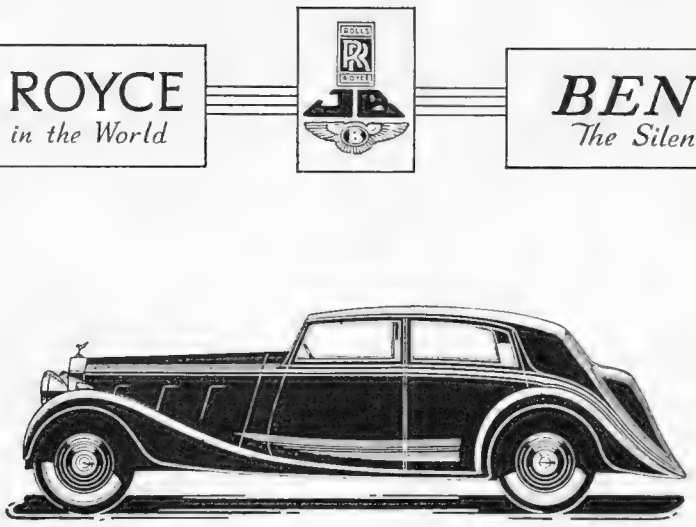

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A Modern Medley

Fragrant Perfumes for Warm Weather

SUMMER days are often very tiring, especially if the air is heavy with thunder, and to keep cool and fresh-looking is quite an art, especially with people who are naturally energetic. A warm bath is always a joy after a strenuou.. game of tennis, but in order to be thoroughly refreshing it should contain a generous sprinkling of Luce's Eau de Cologne. Just over a hundred years ago a special formula for this fragrant toilet water was evolved by George Luce, founder of the firm, when he was working under almost ideal conditions in the sun-bathed island of Jersey, and since then its fame has become world-wide. There is something quite unmistakable about its fresh, invigorating perfume—so much so that doctors recommend it as a cure for headaches and fatigue. A few drops on the temples, behind the ears and under the nostrils will often dispel an attack of faintness, while it should always be used as a body friction. A small bottle for the handbag is very useful when travelling, either by car or train, as it is an ideal cleanser and can be applied to the face and neck with perfect confidence. The makers of Luce's Eau de Cologne also specialise in reproducing the exact scent of various natural flowers. Gardenia, Jersey Lily, Carnation and Jasmin are four exquisite perfumes. In each case the floral scent is so perfectly reproduced that a breath of it is like a garden full of flowers.

"She Walks in Beauty"

ACCESSORIES are of the greatest importance in a woman's wardrobe as they provide just those finishing touches which mean so much. Lovely stockings, for example, are essential, and should be chosen with care and discrimination. Details such as colour, quality, and whether they are to be worn with tweeds or silks must all be considered. At this time of year it is fashionable to appear stockingless, but since few women look their best with bare legs, Bondor have designed a ring-clear chiffon stocking which is so sheer and gossamer-like in texture that it is practically invisible. It goes by the name of "Bondor No. 82," and costs 8s. 11d. Needless to say, it is available in all the newest shades, and is ideal for evening wear with sandals. For every day, when something rather more substantial is required, there are Bondor stockings for 4s. 11d. These are also very fine, though hard-wearing, and being fully fashioned they cling to the leg and have a decidedly slimming effect on thick ankles.

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TATTOO cream MASCARA

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Tattoo Ltd.

BLUE *for evening wear*
BLACK *for brunettes*
BROWN *for blondes*

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Interesting literature on the High Tatras is obtainable post free from the Czechoslovak Travel Bureau (Dept. B.), 21, Regent St., London, S.W.1, or principal travel agencies.

What's On

(Continued from page B)

OPERA

GLYNDEBOURNE:

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE.—To-night, 24th, 6.45.

COSÌ FAN TUTTE.—Thurs., 25th, 6.45.

GIOVANNI.—Fri., 26th, 6.45.

FIGARO.—Sat., 27th, 6.15.

DIE ENTFÜHRUNG.—Sun., 28th, 4.30.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE.—Tues., 30th, 6.45.

D'OYLY-CARTE COMPANY, SADLER'S WELLS:

H.M.S. PINAFORE.—To-night, 24th, 8.

MIKADO.—Thurs., 25th, 8.

YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.—Fri., 26th, 8.

GONDOLIERS.—Sat., 27th, 2.30.

GONDOLIERS.—Sat., 27th, 8.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—Massine is the maître and premier, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays, the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BLUM-FOKINE BALLET.—Last three days for balletomanes to see Michael Fokine and his company in some new and some old creations: Alhambra, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

MUSIC

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL.—At Canterbury Cathedral, until the 27th.

MUSIC FESTIVAL, BOURNEMOUTH.—Sat. 27th (till July 4th).

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL ACADEMY.—Burlington House, 9-7.

INTERNATIONAL SURREALIST EXHIBITION.—New Burlington Galleries, 10-5.

R.A.F. DISPLAY.—Hendon, Sat., 27th.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY SHOW.—Opens at Bristol on Tues., 30th.

SPORT

TO-DAY, 24TH: Tennis Championships, Wimbledon (all week); Hoylake Open Golf Championship (ends on 27th); Open Challenge Polo Cup, Roehampton (ends on 27th); Novices' Polo Cup, Ranelagh (ends on 27th).

FRI., 26TH: Cricket, Eton v. Winchester.

SAT., 27TH: First Test Match, England v. All India, Lord's.

MON., 29TH: Verdun Polo Cup, Ranelagh; Army Rifle Shooting Meeting, Bisley.

TUES., 30TH: First July Meeting, Newmarket (till 3rd).

DANCING

In the Ballrooms

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD, COMMEM. BALL.—To-night, 24th, 10 p.m.

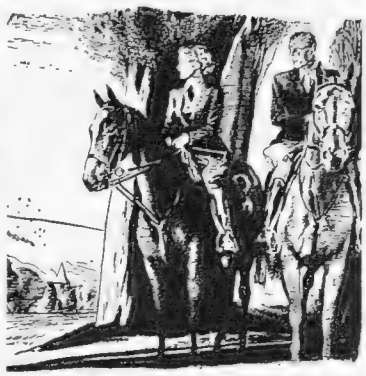
EXETER COLLEGE, OXFORD, COMMEM. BALL.—To-night, 24th, 10 p.m.

THE PALMERSTON BALL.—In aid of the Hampshire Hospital: Broadlands, Romsey, Fri., 25th.

ANGLO-DANISH DINNER DANCE.—Claridge's, Tues., 30th.

(*For "Dancing in the Restaurants" see "London Nights" Article, pp.* C to G.)

COME WHERE COMFORT COMES FIRST



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The Hillman "Hawk" is a car of powerful and sturdy type, which carries roomy and comfortable coachwork. With its high performance, it is also very reasonably priced

As far back as I remember, I think it would be true to say that all Hillman cars have been "good 'uns to go." If there ever was a sluggish Hillman, it certainly never came my way. A fair turn of speed, and something more than a fair output of power—these have been traditional characteristics.

In the new "Hawk," however, we have a car which is quite exceptional, even by Hillman standards, in the matter of liveliness. The acceleration is so very rapid that on first acquaintance I suspected the car of having an ultra-low top gear. I must hasten to add that this is not the case. At 4½ to 1, the top gear ratio is actually quite high, and gives a maximum road speed in the region of 80 m.p.h.

It is, then, sheer engine efficiency which gives the "Hawk" its remarkable capacity for acceleration. Of 21 h.p., the engine is a six-cylinder side-valve unit, of apparently orthodox design. It turns over very smoothly, and with a high degree of silence.

(Concluded on page xiv)

The seating arrangements are luxurious. It will be seen that there is ample head-room, and plenty of leg-room also. The central arm-rest is a point to be appreciated

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To enable the visitor to appreciate the background of the country and understand the people, there are chapters on the History of Austria. Old Customs and National Dress, Amusements in Vienna, Trips on the Danube, the Vienna Fair, the Salzburg Festival, Austrian Monasteries, Universities and Schools, and, not least important, on Austrian Cuisine and Wines.

With its 64 pages of illustrations, *Austria Invites* makes the most charming and informative guide to a wonderful country that you could possibly wish for.

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SPECIALISTS IN SPORTING WEAR

A notable exterior feature is that the car has exceedingly clean lines. The absence of "bits and pieces" makes it probably more aerodynamically efficient than many so-called "streamline" models

Cars With a Personality (Continued from page xii)

THERE is a four-speed gear-box, with an excellent synchro-mesh third gear in which a speed of 60 m.p.h. can be reached. It is seldom that the two lowest ratios are needed; but a valuable point is that second gear, although not of the synchro-mesh persuasion, is none the less very easy to engage. There is therefore no difficulty when manœuvring at low speeds through the traffic.

The springing system is of more than ordinary interest. In what is known as the "Evenkeel" lay-out, a transverse front spring is used, with freedom for the front wheels to react independently to any road shocks. There is no front axle in the accepted sense of the term.

The effect of this is to make the "Hawk" ride extremely comfortably over any sort of surface. Good springing generally implies good road-holding—and certainly in this case the car runs at all speeds with great steadiness. The steering also plays its part, having a pleasantly definite action.

THE Duo-Servo brakes are of high efficiency—as, indeed, they require to be if acceleration and deceleration are to be at all proportionate. An interesting chassis feature—which, perhaps, should have been mentioned earlier—is that the entire frame is built up of "box-girder" side- and cross-members, which are very light in relation to their strength.

The coachwork is very roomy and well-appointed, with good ventilation features, such as the hinged quarter lights. The seating is really comfortable, and the rear wheel-cum-luggage locker is of useful size. The saloon is priced very moderately indeed at £295, with a de luxe model at £320.

The spare wheel is concealed, and the rear panel lowers to form a sturdy luggage-platform. There is room inside the compartment for a kit of tools, and for stowing small articles

The Anglo-Belgian Union Competition

Was held this year at the fine new championship course of the Royal Zoute Golf Club in Belgium. R. T. Stoneham was this year's, as well as last year's, winner; he received the cup from H.E. Lady Ovey. In the picture are Major Hebert (club secretary), the Marquis d'Assche, H.E. Sir Esmond Ovey, Mr. L. M. Hilton (runner-up), Mr. C. R. Fairey, H.E. Baron Cartier, M. Périer (club captain), Lady Ovey, Mr. Stoneham, Baron Silvercruys (donor of cup), and Mr. Maudslay (Union secretary)

Four Hundred Thousand Half-Crowns

Dr. Barnardo's Homes have the task of supplying 25,000 meals every day. For this purpose the annual "half-crown" food fund is open. The Homes hope to get 400,000 half-crowns from their appeal, although the maximum subscription is by no means limited to half-a-crown. Feeding their vast family is only the first necessity with Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Children are trained to trades, and many emigrate every year to set up for themselves in the Dominions.

This work can only continue through public generosity, and the half-crown fund is open to tide over the "lean" months of the charitable year.

Money should be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 18-26, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

The Editor's Box

More Good News for Sun-Seekers

The P.-L.-M. railway announces a new speed-up between London and Savoy which will operate from July to September, and again from just before Christmas to March.

A through coach with 1st and 2nd class sleepers will run from Calais to Le Fayet. This means that you can leave London after lunch and be at Aix early next morning, or at Sallanches for elevenses.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON JUNE

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HEAVY LACE MAKES THIS GRACEFUL ENSEMBLE. The coat is handsomely trimmed with soft brown fur at cuffs and hem. Smart enough for all occasions. In Beige, Black, and Navy.
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SALE 6½

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 24 — June 30

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30. (Transfers to Aldwych, Mon., 29th.)

AH, WILDERNESS!—Lord Longford's Irish company acts this lighter-moment play of Eugene O'Neill's; Paul Farrell and Ann Penhallow are excellent as parents of a very ordinary family: Ambassadors', 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Jessica Tandy well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—This play about opposed temperaments in marriage, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird, ends its triumphant run on Saturday: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

GREEN WATERS.—A dramatic and rugged piece of work about a father-son feud (by Max Catto), with Gillian Lind and Sebastian Shaw in the lead: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Where the play is laid, so long as there 's fun. This is in Norway, the hero is Felix Aylmer, his wife is Carol Goodner, and the fun comes from Rex Harrison: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Revival of the Capek brothers' fantasy has Edmond Willard and Bromley Davenport in their old parts: Little, 8.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Patricia Burke, and Clifford Bartlett acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story-telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and John Gielgud the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

FOLLOW THE SUN.—Cochran's 1936 revue is "first and last a spectacle"; décor by Ernst Stern, music by Arthur Schwartz, a ballet by Osbert Sitwell, Rumbaland Muchachos and Young Ladies are all parts of it: Adelphi, 6.30 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 77.—The ballet is about Gretna Green, with Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes; scenes at Ascot, Stafford and Marnitz's piano act, Eric Woodburn's dramatic dialogue all contribute to the non-stop show: Windmill, 1.20-11.30.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—William Walker's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, and the ever-youthful Dorothy Dickson in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Hollywood gets it in the neck again in this star-city skit; Bramwell Fletcher is the boy, Helen Chandler the girl; wisecracks by Donald Macdonald and Clinton Sundberg: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play deals with family life as lived in St. John's Wood; Fay Compton, Owen Nares, and his son, Geoffrey, are in the cast: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Morton Downey

Is a "golden-voiced tenor." Well known in America on the wireless, screen and variety stage, he has been performing over here since May. His wife is Barbara Bennett—he is a brother-in-law of the Marquise de la Falaise

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett finds heredity too strong in her relations—Dartmoor will out. David Horne and William Fox help this queer family drama on its way: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that blows up various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

KIND LADY.—A very grim atmosphere ensues from the skilful development of improbable data; Sybil Thorndike is the kind lady: Lyric, 8.40. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE KING'S LEISURE.—Effective entertainment from a heavy-handed plot; Paul Cavanagh is a Ruritanian king incognito at a house-party which includes Nora Swinburne: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE FROM A STRANGER.—Frank Vosper (who adapted the piece from Agatha Christie's novel) is a professional Bluebeard who gets Marie Ney into his clutches; good acting, plenty of thrills, and laughter by Muriel Aked: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Haymarket, 8.45. Thurs., Sat., 2.45.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CINEMAS

BROKEN BLOSSOMS.—Thomas Burke's story has made a moving film; the laurels go to Dolly Haas, but Emlyn Williams and Arthur Margetson back her splendidly; photography very good: London Pavilion.

THE EX-MRS. BRADFORD.—A slick detective piece in *The Thin Man* style, dealing with crime on the racecourse; William Powell and Jean Arthur are the stars: Carlton.

FURY.—Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sidney are the leads of this well-titled film about mob-rule in America: Empire (from Friday).

JANOSIK.—Is described as a romantic thriller; about the eighteenth-century Czecho-Slovakian Robin Hood. Palo Bielik acts him, and the "Maid Margaret" is Zlata Hajdukova: Academy.

MODERN TIMES.—Charlie Chaplin's antics as he gets caught in the cogs of a machine age, with Paulette Goddard to give the oil of sentiment, continue to draw crowds to the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE MOON 'S OUR HOME.—Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda are the convincing heroine and hero of this in-and-out plot, which may take its title from the behaviour of these charming lunatics; fast American picture at its slickest: Plaza.

THE PHANTOM GONDOLA.—From Dekobra's *Gondole aux Chimères*, this film runs swiftly from Venice via Rome to Constantinople on the track of a villainous Pasha; Marcelle Chantal and Henri Rollan lead; Roger Karl (*Barcarolle*) is the Turk: Curzon.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND.—Warner Baxter is a wrongfully convicted prisoner in this film of adventure and grim hardship—also Gloria Stuart: Regal.

SHOW BOAT.—Edna Ferber's glamorous musical makes a big film, with Irene Dunne and Allan Jones as the stars, and Paul Robeson singing his fine old songs: Leicester Square.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR.—The French scientist is one of Paul Muni's finest characterisations—he makes the whole film: New Gallery.

WHERE THERE 'S A WILL.—Will Hay's second screen appearance makes him a solicitor in the hands of a riotous gang of crooks—Gina Malo one of them, Hartley Power another: Tivoli.

(Concluded on page xi)

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

London Nights

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret: A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

San Marco

NOTHING could be gayer and more crowded than the San Marco is this summer. Even a Friday evening reduces the dance floor to pin-cushion size. Dwight Fiske takes main responsibility for this overcrowding problem. He has been back in London just over two weeks, with a batch of new songs as racy as you dare hope, even from this most audacious of all cabaret singers of the Western World. Be sure to hear how Venus's last mythological adventure ended; and the life-story of Lucy the Penguin, though more homely, is just as poignant

Mr. Fiske suits the San Marco's sophistication as neatly as the size of the room suits his raconteur's style. He appears promptly at midnight, and then, hardening his heart against the insatiable encore demand, departs for the Florida, where he reappears, racier than ever, at 2.30.

If you can find room to dance, Maurice Winnick plays good music to move around to. He has an excellent, quiet rhythm, and is the only band leader one has heard in years to remember that "What is This Thing Called Love?" was one of the best tunes ever written.

Mr. Anthony Eden and Mr. Noel Coward were in the same supper-party that night—a not unamusing combination of brilliance and fame.

Dwight Fiske

Portrait of the man who is causing traffic blocks in Mayfair Place. He appears at midnight at the San Marco, and the place just won't hold everyone who wants to be amused by his songs

The Ritz

HERE was another crowded room, full of the same but different people, as is the way of Mayfair restaurants where you find the faces that other people are amused to see. This was on Monday last week—and Monday, like Friday, is generally a restaurateur's bugbear. But the first night of the de Basil ballet at Covent Garden was just over, and one supperwards stream of that vast audience flowed into the Ritz and islanded every available table.

There was an excellent little cabaret, one of the best there has been here, with Naunton Wayne as compère producing fits of hopeless giggles with his ridiculous story of a day's rough shooting.

This week he has been replaced by Gillie Potter, who has his own absurd way of being absurd. George Dorlis, the French comedian, is still here—a clever little man whom one could enjoy seeing more than once. And there is lovely Hildegarde, back again with some new songs but the same charm.

Carlton

THE new arrangement of the Carlton restaurant is good: there 's a raised terrace for the tables at the back which not only gives occupants a better view but improves the layout of the room tremendously. There always is something pleasant about a two-level restaurant.

For the last few weeks cabaret has been a nightly affair instead of only a Tuesday (extension night) one. This week Naunton Wayne has drifted down

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Apply to Secretary for Invitation.

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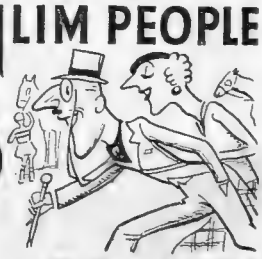

ALL DRINK SEAGERS GIN
THE SPIRIT OF TODAY AND TO-MORROW

Clever Hostesses are *learning*

AN exquisite coffee is the crowning point of a well-chosen dinner, and the successful hostess must choose her coffee with the same care and thought as she chooses the wines and liqueurs in her cellar.

Over 300 years ago coffee was first brought to Vienna from the East, and Blue Danube "Viennese Coffee" is blended and roasted according to the old tradition that has been preserved there from that day to this. Clever hostesses are learning that it adds distinction to their table to serve the favourite coffee of Imperial Vienna.

Blue Danube "Viennese Coffee" can be obtained from all the leading Grocers, including THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, FORTNUM AND MASON, HARRODS, ROBERT JACKSON, INTERNATIONAL STORES, SELFRIDGES, WHITELEYS, etc.

BLUE DANUBE "Viennese Coffee"

Supper-Party at the Ritz

Lord and Lady Decies had a big party at the Ritz one evening last week, which included Lord Decies' elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, and her husband. The new Lady Decies was Mrs. Symes Lehr; she and Lord Decies were married in Paris a month ago

Pall Mall from the Ritz; we understand he now styles himself "from Pontypridd," but that won't make him any less the best compère in London. There is a dancing couple from the Monte Carlo Sporting Club called Doray and Chela, and there 's Freddy Dosh (from New York), who does imitations of aeroplanes and trains that rival Reginald Gardiner's famous ones. Then there is a newish band—John Stevens and his Keyboarders. They play well, and know quite a lot of tunes besides "Goody Goody" and "All My Eggs in One Basket," and at the moment any band that plays those two tunes less than six times an evening gets a hundred per cent. for originality.

Table for Two at the Carlton

Lord and Lady Poulett went to the Carlton together to dance and have supper, and watched the cabaret from a table on the "terrace," which is a new feature of the restaurant

Gardenia Restaurant

A DOUBLY-NEW discovery here—somewhere that only opened last week, and that optimistically and uniquely aims at outdoor night life. You can dine, dance, or sit idly out on huge swing-seats in a garden that 's not only, as London gardens go, big, but has nothing except another garden and a road between it and the dark, open spaces of Hyde Park. The restaurant itself is an indoor one, with big windows and doors opening on to half the triangle of garden between Hamilton Place and Park Lane. A dance floor is laid outside on fine nights, with tables beside it, and flowers and floodlighting for background. Inside you can also dine, and dance to the Gaucho band which plays nice, sad, superlatively rhythmic music. Upstairs is a lovely Adams room where there is food without music, and a big window balcony for cocktail-drinking.

The Gardenia Opening Night

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Mollison were the guests of honour at the Gardenia opening night, and were in a party with Mrs. FitzPatrick, Mrs. Loughnan, Vera Lady Terrington, and Mr. Eric Mortimer. The Gardenia's open-air dance floor and restaurant and last week's heat-wave coincided nicely

Altogether a place to remember, for the food and drink are good into the bargain. And now that summer has arrived (well, it had last week), what a setting is here for a sentimental evening . . .

Bon Viveur

WHEN langoustines maison are on the Bon Viveur menu, order them. That is, if these small shellfish cooked in a Newbourgian way are your fancy: they are with most people. Another thing you might allow yourself to be persuaded to try here is asperges milanaises, especially about now, when most restaurant-goers have eaten more than their share of that vegetable. Milanaise simply means a cheese-flavoured, just-browned butter sauce that by no means drowns the asparagus flavour, and is, in fact, an extremely good addition to it.

The Bon Viveur

Here's a sketch to remind you what the Bon Viveur looks like—the Estorils on one side of the room and wide-open windows (which you can't see here) on the other

Davico has a most appropriate summer wine in his cellars which not everyone knows. This is a white wine from Burgundy—Corton Blanc (Bouchard)—which is one of the cleanest, freshest drinks imaginable, with a delicate but virile flavour of its own. And don't think you've ordered wrong when you see its unexpectedly corpulent bottle.

The only other report to make this month is that the Bon Viveur is definitely at its best in the summer. This is true of all nice places; to say anywhere is at its best in winter (except ski-ing slopes) is self-deception.

Oh, yes, and those red and black cigarette-cases are still very popular. Mr. Nelson Keys "loses" all his to his friends.

New Clarges

DO you like history? Here is some to eat and drink—a dish and some wines which aren't to be found on every bill of fare.

The dish is Sole Czarine—sole served with a caviare and cream sauce invented by the great Vatel himself, who used to emerge from his fastness to finish it off in front of clients who deserved that honour. The dish *must* be served like that, instantaneously off the fire; even a ten-minute delay, and it is ruined. For thirty or forty years, Binaco relates, it was a forgotten delicacy, but now it is known again, and the New Clarges is one of its homes.

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Dinner at the New Clarges

Eight o'clock view of a corner of the New Clarges, with one couple settled to the ceremony of eating well, and the next couple being advised on the subject by Binaco

The bottled history takes shape in a genuine 1889 Tokay from the Hapsburg cellars. Even more precious are the twenty-one remaining bottles of yellow and green Chartreuse made by the monks before they were expelled from their beautiful monastery in Haute Savoie. There 's no nonsense about its authenticity—the New Clarges guarantee goes with this irreplaceable liqueur.

If you decide to drink a glass of Chartreuse, give it for prelude the 1921 Liebfraumilch Riesling Rheinhessen. Or another 1921 hock, the Durkheimer Speilberg Rheinphalz, though less expensive, is not unworthy company.

Prunier's

LEAVING aside for once the question of what to eat and drink under Mme. Prunier's roof, we 'll emphasise what she can supply for you to consume under your own—or under the sky, if you have a picnic mentality.

First, food. Locally, the subject is delicately described as the " On Prendra " Service, which means you order first and collect later. Gelée dishes are a good idea : bouillebaisse and sturgeon en gelée, and bœuf mode en gelée with carrots and onions. Or coquilles mayonaises of various kinds, or salads, and fraises du bois with crème genre d'Isigny to end up with. And there are endless hot dishes which only need a moment or two in the oven to set them fair for eating. It 's the greatest boon, this service, for people who are liable to give last-minute parties when the cook is out.

The wine question is dealt with at the Prunier cave in Blue Ball Yard over the way. Here every brand of wine served in the restaurant can be bought at a fifteen per cent. discount on the wine list prices. This cellar is worth a visit, for the Prunier wine list is a long one and there 's a fine display of bottles to please an appreciative eye. However, if you haven't time for that, you can order in the restaurant, and the wine will be delivered to your door.

El Patio

THIS was another excellent discovery made this month. You also can make it by looking on the left of Rupert Street a short way up from Coventry Street. It 's a small restaurant, charmingly decorated after a Spanish convention, and with a very amusing menu. Curries, pilafs, and Spanish dishes are the specialities, including an arroz à la Valenciana. That 's the dish of which Somerset Maugham wrote :

Prelude to Eating at Prunier's

This medley of people dining or about to dine at Prunier's includes the Hon. P. French, Mr. R. Keat, Miss Georgiana Pelham-Clinton, Prince and Princess Alphonse de Chimay (in day clothes) and Mr. Mark Strutt (in front)

ON
PRENDRA
DE
PRUNIER

In other words, you can now take home your favourite fish dishes (not to mention the rare wines).

Next time you are in Prunier's, London, ask about the **" On Prendra "** Service already so popular in Paris.

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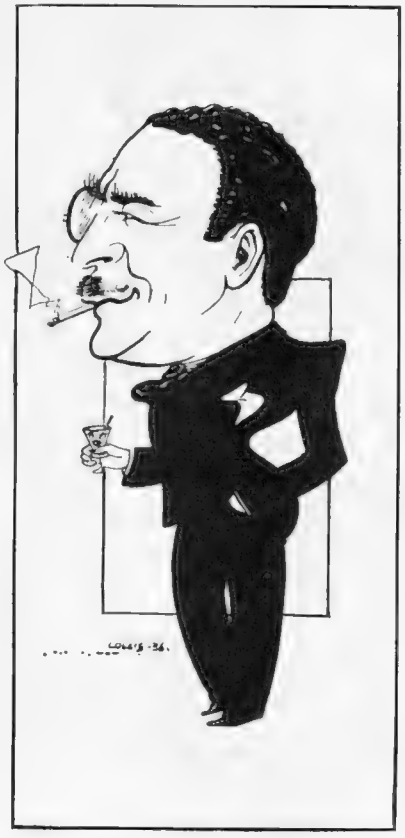
For spur-of-the-moment arrivals who want to eat quickly and cheaply there is a set lunch for half a crown, and a pleasant dinner for 5s. 6d.

Tabaris Club

LASTLY, if life takes you much in the Bond Street direction, you will find this little club (in Bruton Place) worth joining. It 's not expensive, either as to subscription or menu prices, and it 's open from eleven in the morning (for coffee and rolls) until two next morning (coffee and bacon and eggs). Between those extremes, there are lunch, cocktails, and dinner, with an expert drink-mixer in barman Jack, and a good line in grills and American dishes as recommendations.



Mr. John Markwick-Stevens is one of the people responsible for running the Tabaris Club in Bruton Place

For travellers who 've learnt the habit, Brazilian cigars and cigarettes are sold here—a bit of local colour to match the Rio de Janeiro theme in the decoration.

Footnote

DID you know, you who mourn the days of plovers' eggs, that the booby egg has arrived in London? It is a little smaller and a little browner as to shell than the plover's, but inside is a perfect equivalent of the forbidden delicacy. Whether the bird that lays it is a booby, who cares? It was a West Indian hen, anyway, that first made this contribution to the gourmet's life. And the eggs are just beginning to find their way on to restaurant menus. E. L.

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SUNDAY, JULY 19 .. MOTOR SPEED RACES

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Hay Wrightson

Dorothy Paull

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Paull, of Dalvenie, Banchory, Kincardineshire; she is engaged to John Duthie, son of the late John Duthie, of Cults House, Aberdeenshire

Bassano

Helen Bruce

Is the younger daughter of the late Major Bruce and Mrs. Warre Graham-Clarke, of Hill Street, London, and is to marry Michael Nairn, only son of Sir Michael Nairn, Bt., and Lady Nairn, of Elie House, Fife.

Bassano

Betty Halbert

Betty Dixon Halbert, daughter of Mr. T. G. Halbert, of Perth, Western Australia, has announced her engagement to Robert Glendding Linton, son of the Hon. R. Linton, Agent-General for Victoria, Australia, and Mrs. Linton

Pearl Freeman

Beryl Lloyd-Baker

Is the elder daughter of the late Captain Lloyd-Baker and Mrs. Lloyd-Baker, of St. Dogmaels, Pembrokeshire; she is engaged to A. T. Anderson-Priest, youngest son of the late W. S. Priest and Mrs. Priest, of Halifax, Nova Scotia

Kay Vaughan

Jean Eddison

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Eddison, of 71, Bedford Gardens, W.8; she is engaged to Raymond Montague Cecil Kittoe, only son of Lt.-Col. M. F. Kittoe and Mrs. Kittoe, of Leafland, Harrow-on-the-Hill

Pearl Freeman

Penelope Colthurst

Is the elder daughter of Mr. R. St. J. Colthurst and Mrs. Cecily Colthurst, of Quatt, Bridgnorth; she is engaged to Godfrey Hamilton, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Hamilton, of Lydart, Monmouthshire

Pearl Freeman

Rosemary Ashworth

Is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Philip Ashworth, of 12, Arlington Street, S.W.1; she is engaged to Richard Isdell-Carpenter, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Isdell-Carpenter, of Cornwall Lodge, Hampton Hill, Middlesex

Douglas

Joan Hazel Rinder

Has announced her engagement to Kenneth Dendy Napper, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Napper, of The Drive, Belmont, Surrey; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austen S. Rinder, of The Causeway, Sutton, Surrey

Elliott & Fry

Margaret Mary Murray

Is the elder daughter of the late D. B. Murray and Mrs. Murray, of The Shieling, Stirling, and is engaged to Peter Pender-Cudlip, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Pender-Cudlip, of West Hagley, Worcs.

Hay Wrightson

Helen Paton

Is engaged to William Boyd Mitchell, younger son of the late Alexander Moncrieff Mitchell and Mrs. Mitchell, of Kew Terrace, Glasgow; she is the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Noel Paton, of Edinburgh

Bassano

Aileen Sparrow

Is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Sparrow, of Glonastin, Ollerton, near Knutsford, Cheshire; she is engaged to W. E. Tatton Brown, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Tatton Brown, of Chithurst House, Rogate, Sussex

Kay Vaughan

Bunty Cameron-Rose

Is engaged to John Pennefather, youngest son of Dr. C. M. and Mrs. Pennefather, of Byron House, Harrow-on-the-Hill; she is the daughter of the late D. G. R. Cameron-Rose and Mrs. Cameron-Rose, of 20, Ranulf Road, N.W.2

Sparling — Angelo

Wing-Commander Evelyn Sparling, younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Sparling, of Ceylon, married Irma Pakenham Angelo, only daughter of the late Major-Gen. F. W. Pakenham Angelo and Mrs. Angelo, of 44, Lexham Gardens, W.8, at St. James', Spanish Place

Gillespie — Slatin

Dr. Hans Henry Winterstein Gillespie, of 16, Chester Terrace, N.W., son of Professor and Mrs. Hans Winterstein, and Baroness Anne-Marie Slatin, daughter of the late Baron Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha and Baroness Slatin, were married at St. James', Spanish Place

Fawcus — Stronach

At St. Saviour's, Walton Street, Geoffrey Fawcus, only son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Harold and Lady Fawcus, of 107, Warwick Road, S.W.5, married Helen Sybil Stronach, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Stronach

Pelham-Burn — Phillips

Ronald Russel Pelham-Burn, only son of the late Col. and Mrs. Pelham-Burn, of Bylands, Redbourn, Herts., and Elizabeth Nancy Phillips, youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. A. E. Phillips, of Alward House, Salisbury, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street

Murray — Byrde

At St. Peter's, Goytrey, Capt. W. Murray, only son of the late Brig. W. E. Murray and Mrs. Murray, of Penn, Bucks., married Pamela Byrde, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. A. Byrde, of Goytrey House, Pontypool, Monmouthshire

Tufnell — Pember

Henry Tufnell, only son of the late Rev. Frederick Tufnell and Lady Frances Tufnell, of Avenue Road, St. Albans, and Susan Pember, daughter of the late Capt. Cecil Pember and Mrs. Pember, of Rodmell Hill, Lewes, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Stewart — Farmiloe

Ronald Stewart, son of Mr. Percy Malcolm Stewart, of The Green House, Park Lane, married Cynthia Farmiloe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Farmiloe, of Purley Park, Berkshire, at St. George's, Hanover Square

Miall — Bull

Lawrence Mackenzie Miall, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Stephen Miall, of 28, Clifton Hill, N.W.8, and Nancy Constance Bull, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bull, of Greystones, Whitchurch, Tavistock, Devon, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Hicks — Hughes

At St. Clement Dane's, Peter Rivers Hicks, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hicks, of 22, Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W., married Felicity Hughes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cranmer Hughes, of 17, Wimpole Street, W.1

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But Saturday morning, surfing, Clifford Rawle met Sylvia—head on! From that moment time sped by. When Monday came, by a curious coincidence, neither could bear the thought of returning and both wired for extra kit.

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